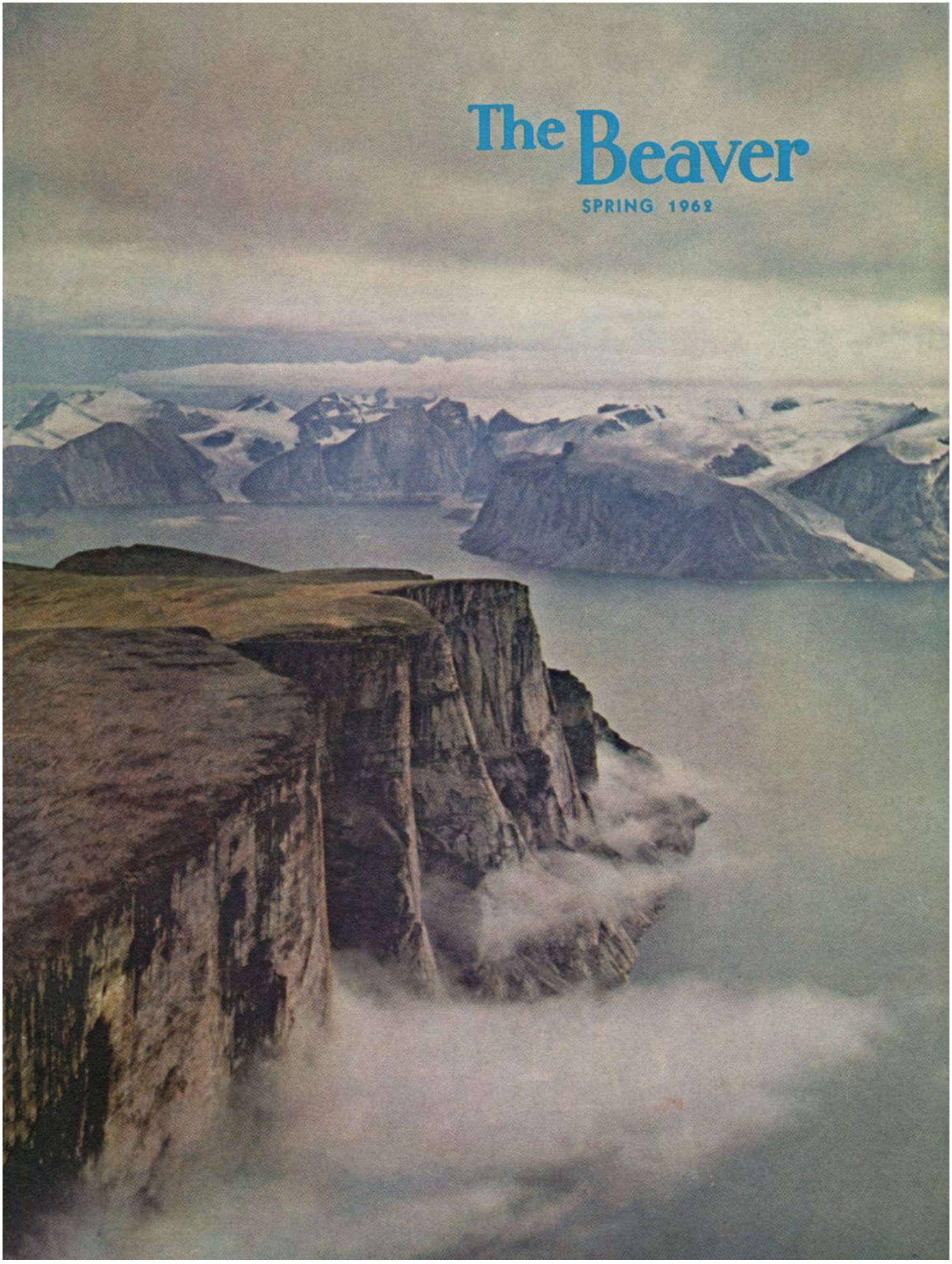
The Beaver

SPRING 1962



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These Eskimo syllabics stand for "Building a Snow House"—the subject of this woodcut done by 13-year-old Doris Ehakataitok, of Cambridge Bay, N.W.T.

It reflects the spirit of the vast Canadian northland where the men of the Hudson's Bay Company still provide a unique service for the people of this remote area.

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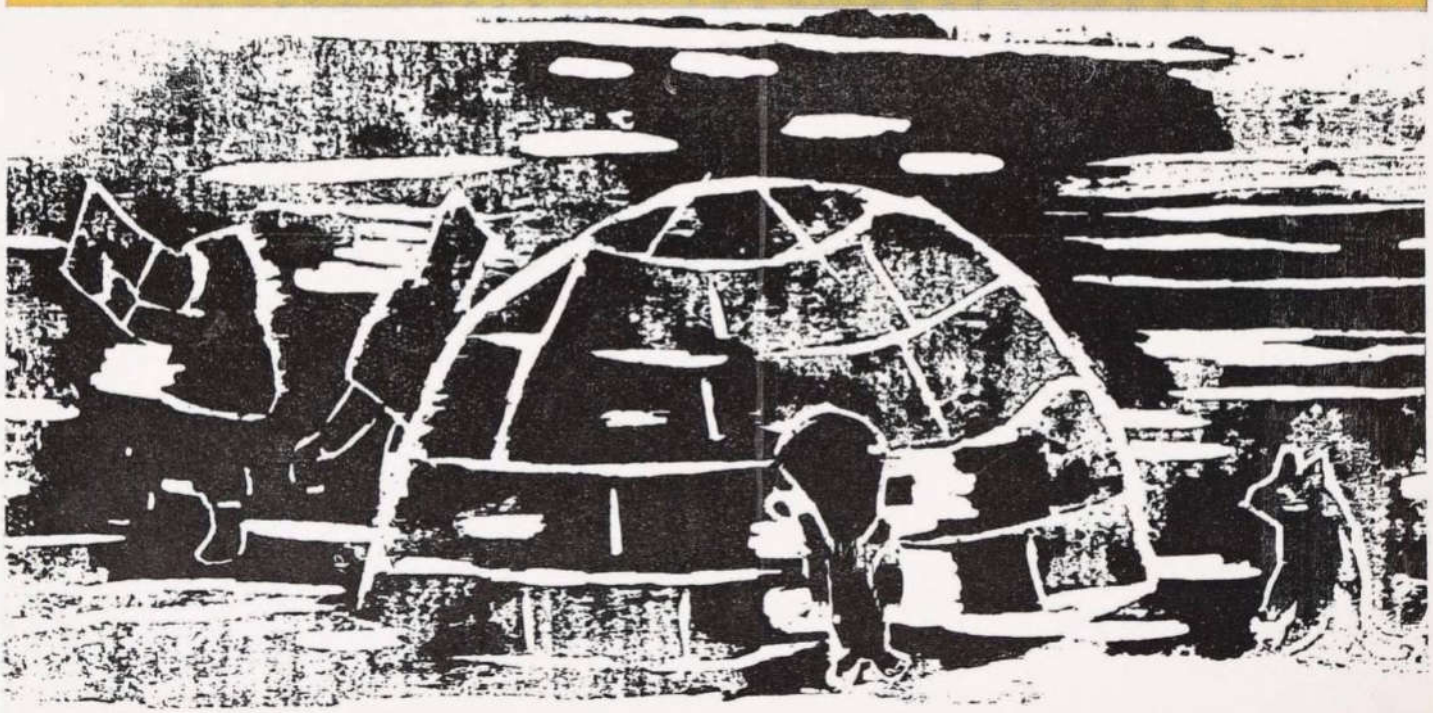

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The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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Clouds lie below a bold arctic headland in the vicinity of Buchan Gulf on northeast Baffin Island between Clyde and Pond Inlet. Cliffs and fiords break the jagged coast which is 3000 to 4000 feet high and glaciers creep down from mountains not far inland. Photograph by R. Phillips.

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MAN WITH A VISION

BY RON BAIRD
journalist and free-lance writer

Photographs by
Ryan Brothers

IN 1949, during a western regional conference on social welfare at Victoria, B.C., a slight, softly-spoken British Columbia Indian ended his address to the delegates with these words:

"Do not, I pray, make poor 'carbon copies' of white men out of us. At this crucial stage of our transition, from our own beliefs to those of your complex system, we need so much guidance; so much help; so much sympathy; for we must, of necessity, first regain our own confidence once more."

The speaker was George Clutesi (pronounced Cloo'-tes-ee), poet, painter and lecturer. Highly articulate, intense in a quietly dedicated way, Clutesi, who is now 56, carries a double yoke on his shoulders: a lifelong ambition to achieve complete recognition as a painter; and a second, even more compelling goal—to gain for his people the respect and understanding of their white, fellow-Canadians. In both ventures, Clutesi has found the struggle a hard and often bitter one.

In Victoria, where he has lived for the past three years since leaving his birth-place in Alberni, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, Clutesi's name is well known among those interested in Indian art and culture.

By inclination a self-taught poet, artist, and unofficial historian of the West Coast Indian, Clutesi, in order to support a family of seven, is by trade a member of a pile-driving crew.

Ceremonial head-dress used in the sea serpent dance, from an oil painting by George Clutesi.

As a painter, the critics have done a remarkable about-face since the early days of the last war when Clutesi was first 'discovered' by the Vancouver press. At that time, the artist was much encouraged . . . however, shortly after he arrived in Victoria and held a one-man show in a small, private gallery, he faced comment bordering on the caustic by local critics, who dismissed him off-handedly as of little or no consequence. As Clutesi recalls it, "they pulled me to pieces." Nevertheless, he continues to paint as time allows.

On more than one occasion, though, Clutesi has found strong champions in his cause among prominent Canadians. Ira Dilworth, educator, broadcaster, and help to much aspiring Canadian talent over the years, is fondly remembered by Clutesi for the moral and practical encouragement he tendered the artist at the inception of his career. "He's a wonderful man," says Clutesi. "I felt he accepted me; his help was sincere." Mr. Dilworth, in turn, introduced the artist to Dr. Lawren Harris, the noted Canadian painter and original member of the Group of Seven. Of this meeting, Clutesi recalls that Dr. Harris "jumped up, came over and hugged me. He begged me never to change my style; and he warned me of the heart-breaking years I would have to face because of it."

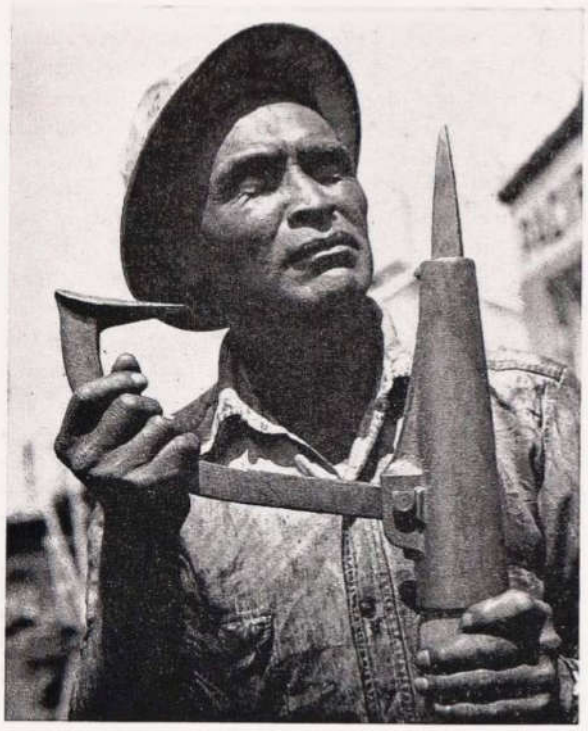
The late Emily Carr, noted West Coast artist, also encouraged Clutesi and urged him to retain his unique style—forceful story-telling on canvas of West Coast Indian legends. In her will, Miss Carr bequeathed the artist nearly 100 of her brushes, which Clutesi still uses, a number of unused canvases, and her oils.

Through the assistance of Ira Dilworth, Clutesi was able to bring his work to wider attention, through the media of radio talks, small gallery showings and introductions in the art world. Since then, he has made several television appearances; in an hour-long nationally shown interview from Vancouver emphasis was laid on Clutesi's knowledge of Indian culture, and his own philosophical views of life in general. This was in strong contrast to a Victoria television appearance when he was made to feel, Clutesi says, "rather like a cigar-store Indian."

Since the days when Clutesi made his first, crude pencil sketches while a student at a United Church residential school in Alberni, he has received very little monetary reward for his work. Only a distinctly optimistic outlook, a strong will to win over difficult odds, and a deep attachment to art, have provided him with the necessary incentives. His work has been shown in Toronto and Montreal, at Seattle, Washington, in Vancouver and Victoria. Seven Clutesi paintings have been purchased by the University of British Columbia; one by a group of students at Boston University, and a handful by private col-

lectors. Of the latter, he counts as a staunch supporter and patron a boyhood friend, A. L. Frost, of Beaver Cove, on Vancouver Island, who bought *The Storm* for $1,000, and recently commissioned another painting. He will be represented in the art section of the Seattle Century 21 exposition this year—"a real feather in my bonnet" comments Clutesi.

Perhaps Clutesi's strongest talent is as a lecturer on Indian lore, art, and dances. In this, he is a recognized



The labourer, Clutesi grasps the peavey he uses in his pile-driving job.

authority. Colin Graham, curator of the Victoria Art Gallery, says of this phase of Clutesi's career, and referring to a lecture the artist gave at the gallery in December 1960: "It was probably one of the most memorable the gallery has ever heard. Clutesi has a poetic way of speaking; a great intensity, and a natural dignity of speech."

Clutesi has given similar lectures at the University of British Columbia's summer school, at the invitation of the Department of Anthropology. During the past winter he gave a 28-lecture series at two Victoria night school classes. Firm and direct with his students, he brooks no nonsense and his students are most enthusiastic about his lectures. He thoroughly enjoys this work and would like to devote all his time to it. Unhappily he has, on more than one occasion, discovered that lack of a university degree forestalls this hope. Had he been able to obtain a degree he would have liked to be a teacher.

To understand the artist as a man, one needs to search back into his boyhood.

Clutesi was born at Alberni, a member of the Seshaht band of the Nootkas. The name originates from Sesha, which his village was originally called. At one time, Clutesi recalls, there were nearly 400 members of the band, but a tuberculosis scourge dwindled this number to slightly more than 100. "Essentially, we were a fishing people; regarded as among the greatest whale hunters on the entire coast in the olden days," says Clutesi.

Mid-way through World War I, Clutesi was "signed over" to the residential school by his father. His duties there consisted of spending half the day at study; the remainder of the time tilling the fields, chopping wood, and other unenlightened chores in the name of industrial education. This period of his life he remembers as a particularly bleak one. Not in the best of health at the time, Clutesi, admittedly, was a shy, withdrawn youth, suffering an "intense feeling of inferiority." Enrolment at the school was his first encounter with Christianity, a situation he has, on more than one occasion, come to regard as a mixed blessing.

"I was very mixed up. Afraid to speak to anyone outside of my own people," says Clutesi.

It was suggested by one or two of his teachers (some he prefers to forget; of others, he speaks most highly) that he study for the ministry. But Clutesi, even at this early stage, wanted to become an artist. More often than not, however, he met a blank wall of discouragement. One of his teachers, Clutesi recalls, suggested a "man-to-man" talk about this artistic bent. Bluntly, and with obviously little feeling for the boy, the teacher told him: "To be an artist is a wicked thing. All artists are bad men."

Says Clutesi today: "It took me years to get over this feeling of guilt, but it made me more anxious than ever to become an artist. I later discovered that to be one is to enjoy one of God's greatest gifts."

His first sketches were done on scraps of paper and cardboard, as they came to hand, and were drawn furtively, with an ear cocked for approaching pedagogues. "Sometimes I had to hide while doing them," Clutesi says.

Having reached the grade 8 level, Clutesi was forced to abandon his studies through illness. A year later, and

(Continued on page 9)

The Spirit of the Yellow Cedar Tree, from a painting by Clutesi. This is the wild buffoon of the woods, a mischievous powerful creature lacking in reason. His yellow cedar mask protects the mortal who might die if he saw the spirit's face. As with other plays and dances, the cedar spirit may only be depicted by people chosen by the rightful owner who agreed to Clutesi's presentation.

POOKMISS

by George Clutesi

The estranged man of the wilderness—Pookmiss—from a painting by George Clutesi, who here tells the legend. The story is depicted in a play which, like other plays, is part of the ceremonial belongings of a certain family who alone may perform it. Mr. Clutesi has the consent of the family concerned to depict Pookmiss.

Pookmiss, the shy, timorous and nervous man of the wilderness. The surviving 'man-thing' who has lost his soul and only the animal part of his former self is left alive and refuses to succumb to death. A most lonely and unhappy man who skulks and roams the outer edges of his former village home. His coyness and amazing speed allow only short glimpses of his moving figure. Indeed he is so fast that the Indians believed he could disappear into solid rock bluffs or into the ground.

He lives on the little saltwater bull-heads for which he searches in the small pools left by the outgoing tide, and on cow-parsnip. In his forays for food he moves about in a habitual stooping posture, his arms set akimbo, and through them he continually watches for any intrusion of man as, he moves about in a fast gliding shuffle.

The first characteristic change in his person is that he loses all colour of face and his skin becomes the bluish green hue of the dead. His eyeballs become protruding by his peering in the darkness of the night. He loses his normal stance and begins to stoop. His toes gradually disappear and his feet become clubbed and like those of animals. A man turned into an animal because his body refused to die: a man-thing without a soul—Pookmiss.

I witnessed the play "Pookmiss" performed by a young man, Jack Bob, the only son of a prominent chief, on a lonely little island situated at the mouth of Barkley Sound on Vancouver Island. The play was so realistic and eerie that I was utterly fascinated and it has always remained fixed in my mind. *Pookmiss* was eventually painted from that play. ◆

in improved health, he joined a commercial fishing fleet and remained in this trade for six years. From fisherman, he became a labourer in Alberni; later graduating to a pile-driving crew. A fall, in which he broke his back, laid him up for six years and, during the latter stage of his recovery, he opened a small variety store in Alberni, from which he sold water colours and pastels. Twice commissioned to paint portraits in Vancouver and Victoria, Clutesi discovered that, having set a fixed price for his work, he returned from both trips distinctly out-of-pocket. He candidly admits he has little head for business.

In 1947, he turned to oil painting and estimates he has produced about 50 canvases in the past 15 years. Most take an average of a month to complete, painting, as he does, after working hours. One touching highlight of his career occurred shortly before Christmas, 1960. It was a telephone call from a comparative stranger, who said he had "a surprise" awaiting the artist. This turned out to be a crudely-drawn water colour, on an old piece of cardboard, of a whaling scene. Clutesi recognized it at once. It was the first water colour he had ever done and he had sold it for $1.50. "I shook from the top of my head to my feet as I sold it," he remembers. "It was my first and I didn't want to part with it on any account —but I needed the money."

As the painting was returned to Clutesi, its donor explained that he had bought it from a third party for $5, but thought that it really belonged with the artist. Today it occupies a particularly fond place in the Clutesi household, together with the memory of its giving.

In 1958 Clutesi decided to leave Alberni, but not without some hesitation. "I don't like city life," he says. However, he felt that the opportunities in his trade might be more plentiful in a larger community. The returns have not always lived up to expectations.

During his life in Alberni, Clutesi thoroughly studied the traditions, customs, and culture of his band, and those of other West Coast Indian tribes. He was often called upon to stage Indian dances in Alberni and during a visit to Canada by Queen Elizabeth his troupe put on a full performance for the Royal party.

Clutesi gave much thought, also, to the problems faced by the West Coast Indian and often became their spokesman, as he was at the Victoria conference on social welfare. He admits, without rancour, that, "like many of my race, I am still suspicious of the white man." This suspicion runs deep, stemming in great part from the days when the whites brought their strictures to the West Coast in the late eighteenth century.

"We were taught early in life to reject our native heritage. It was termed a 'shameful, pagan thing'," Clutesi says. "My generation today is at a standstill; overwhelmed by apathy; withdrawn; almost, in a sense, leaderless." He feels it will take at least another twenty years or more before his people emerge from the cocoon of indifference into which many of them have shrunk.

"I have found that many young Indians today are absolutely ashamed of their history and culture. I rejected it, myself, as a youth," Clutesi says. However, he has also discovered that, among the indifferent, there are small but eager groups of young Indians who are anxious to learn about their heritage, and to these he devotes endless hours of guidance.

Outspoken in his views, Clutesi has been accused of standing for the "stubborn, reactionary, 'chip-on-the-shoulder' group that holds back the advance of the Indians." He admits to the chip—a chip, he points out, that will remain until he can see a more accelerated pace of integration for his people. He feels it is the right of his people to be accepted on an equal basis with their white Canadian brothers. "Why can't the whites refer to my people as 'Our Indians'—not 'Those Indians'?" he wants to know.

Clutesi, who left the reservation and its limited welfare state years ago, counts few specific rights which the Indian still retains . . . other than unrestricted U.S. border-crossing privileges. "We are not required to pay land tax—provided we live on the reservation. Otherwise, we pay the same taxes as the white," Clutesi says.

The painter, with some of the brushes left him by Emily Carr.

Reservations, he feels, provide the bare bones of necessity but lessen initiative to take the plunge into a state of independent self-sufficiency.

Perhaps the feeling is strongly entrenched because Clutesi could witness the final, dying moments of Indian greatness in his province, and the subsequent years of creeping lassitude.

The dancer, with a wooden head-dress traditionally used for dances, which Clutesi himself made.

He would like to see a national gathering of native Canadian Indians—leaders in their respective fields—from which a solid, working pattern might emerge to direct his people on the upward path once more, without necessitating the complete abandonment of a heritage centuries old.

"In the pre-white days," Clutesi says, "our leaders ruled with an iron hand, but with justice and kindness. They saw that no one was in want. If a man was a murderer, he was banished forever from his own tribe . . . and, eventually, would become a slave for some other band. It was the nature of my people to give away their possessions freely. It was a kind of insurance. When the white man came, we were told this was all wrong." A great many sharp traders found this trait to their liking; the tragedy of the Indian being bilked right and left is in the history books.

Despite the weight of self-imposed responsibility which Clutesi bears, he is not a man possessed of self-pity. In fact, optimism and humour are much to the fore in his makeup. His lively, intelligent eyes; handsome face and easy manner—once the ice of suspicion is broken—combine with a capacity to look on the bright side of the coin.

He has definite and constructive views. About the often criticized younger generation he says: "I feel we have a most wonderful class of young people today. If they are losing touch with reality, I blame lack of parental attention. Children are better off with patched trousers and a mother in the home, rather than a working mother and new trousers."

Racial discrimination he has met all his life—and taken it at its worth—but it is not easy for a sensitive man to accept. "I can play the 'dumb Indian' if need be; but this, too, will pass in time." He feels that, in some parts of British Columbia, the Indian is being gradually given more responsibility and an acceptance within the community.

Although he has never travelled beyond the boundaries of his province, Clutesi would like to see the rest of Canada, and make a trip to Mexico. He is keenly interested in the culture of the Mexicans, and their art.

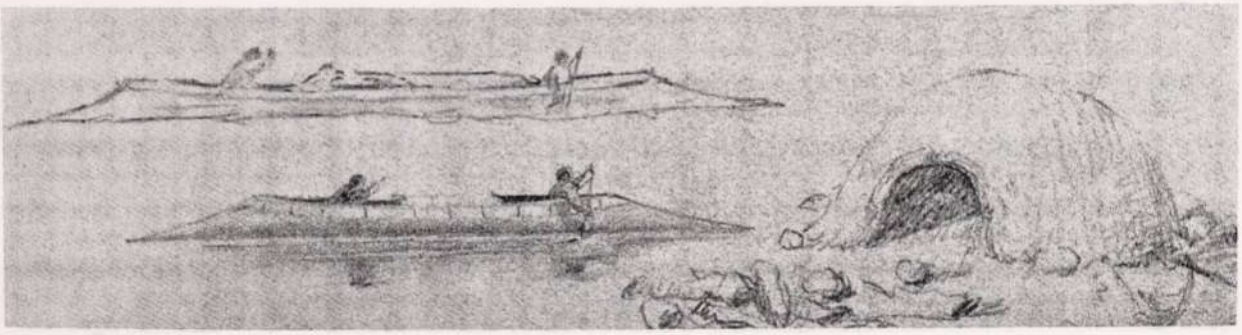
For the present, he is busy raising his family of three girls and three boys; he has designed a series of greeting cards which are proving popular, and he will work at his painting and lectures in his continuing efforts to keep alive a weakening Indian heritage. This is not an attempt to revive the past but to instil in his people their old pride of race and in others an awareness that the Indian has a contribution to make to the Canadian cultural community.

Most encouraging was the award in December of a Canada Council grant for teaching and developing West Coast Indian ceremonial dances. Clutesi intends to apply this in Alberni where he has land near the Alberni Canal and will build a house. He feels more at home among his Seshaht people than in Victoria, but he will return to the city every weekend to give his classes on Indian folklore and art.

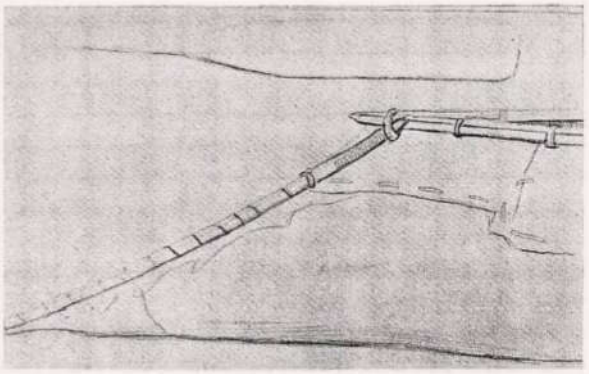
Outspoken and eloquent champion of his beloved people, he says of them: "We're still crawling. But, until we get up and fight for ourselves, we'll continue to crawl."

If others may still be on their hands and knees, Clutesi himself is off and running hard. •

THE KOOTENAY CANOE



Part of a sketch by Paul Kane showing two Kootenay canoes in use. *Royal Ontario Museum*



Detail of canoe by Rudolph Cronau. *Glenbow Foundation*

By DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

THE "Kootenay" canoe, as it is commonly called, is so limited in its present distribution and so unusual in shape as to have attracted the attention of all early travellers in the southeastern corner of British Columbia. Among the more important specimens in the National Museum of Canada, in Ottawa, is one of these canoes. It was already in the possession of the museum when the Division of Anthropology was formed in 1910 and there is no precise information as to how or when it was acquired. It is said to have come from Kaslo, on the west side of Kootenay Lake, and is, as far as I could learn, the only full-size canoe of this type in any museum, although models are common.

The distinctive feature of its construction is that the bottom of the canoe, that which rests on the water, projects forward and aft in an acute symmetrical cone, so that a canoe about 18 feet long on the water line will measure only some 14 feet along the gunwale. Moreover, the skin of the canoe is of pine bark, though birch bark was used when pine was not available.

The first fairly full description of a Kootenay canoe was published by A. F. Chamberlain in 1892, and his account was followed by a much more detailed examination of a model in the United States National Museum by Otis T. Mason, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, in 1899. These two accounts, however, are not the first records of the existence of this type of canoe.

On the 14th of May 1808, David Thompson was at the headwaters of the Columbia River. He says: "The several small camps we came to of Lake Indians all make use of canoes in the open season, made of the bark of the White Pine, or of Larch, they served for two seasons but are heavy to carry. The Inner side of the bark (that next to the Tree), is the outside of the Canoe, they are all made of one piece, are generally eighteen to twenty feet in length by twenty-four to thirty inches on the middle bar, sharp at both ends." Here is no doubt as to the identity of the canoe, the only discrepancy being Thompson's statement that they are heavy.

Paul Kane, the artist, saw some on the 4th of October 1847, near the headwaters of the Columbia. "They make

For many years chief anthropologist at the National Museum of Canada, Dr. Leechman has written and broadcast extensively about the Indians of this country.

The canoes were used not only in hunting and fishing but also to move families and household goods.
B.C. Archives

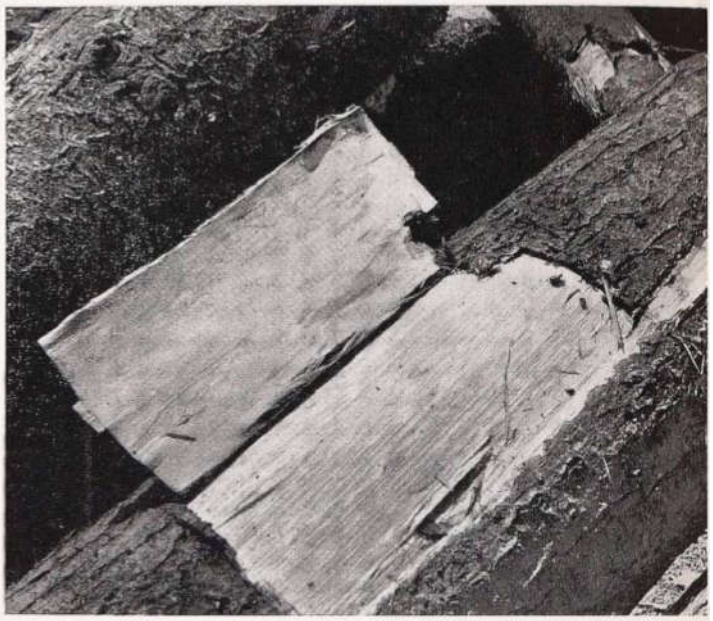
their canoes of pine bark, being the only Indians who use this material for the purpose; their form is also peculiar and very beautiful. These canoes run the rapids with more safety for their size, than those of any other shape," he says in his Journal.

Alexander Ross, the fur trader, mentions these canoes in 1855, and J. K. Lord, one of the first naturalists to visit the interior of British Columbia, wrote of them in 1866, saying "the canoe used by the Kootenays . . . is the general form of the bark canoes used on all rivers inland," which is the first hint we have that their distribution was once wider than it is today. Dr. George M. Dawson described them in 1891 and there are various other scattered references to them.

By Dawson's time, the impact of white culture was making itself distinctly felt in the Kootenays. There had been a gold rush to Wild Horse Creek in the 1860s, and a number of trading posts had been built in that vicinity as well as in the Coeur d'Alène country in Idaho. Indian culture was breaking down and travel, rather than by canoe as it had been in the past, was now by river steamer or on horseback. Dawson said the canoes "may still occasionally be seen on Shuswap Lake and in the vicinity of the Columbia."

When Otis T. Mason was writing his paper on the "Pointed Bark Canoes of the Kutenai and Amur," he corresponded with a number of people in the Kootenay area and two of his correspondents, Mr. Kent and Mr. Sproat, both used the present tense when speaking of the canoes, but the Rev. Joseph M. Caruana, S.J., said that "in 1862 pointed canoes were in great use," which would seem to imply that he felt that, in 1898, they were disappearing. The Rev. Fr. A. G. Morice said, in 1889, that they had been out of use for fifty years.

These facts being familiar to me, I was considerably surprised when Mr. James Dunn, the Indian Superintendent at Cranbrook, B.C., showed me a recent photo-



Bark of western white pine is thin, tough, and flexible.
National Museum-Leechman

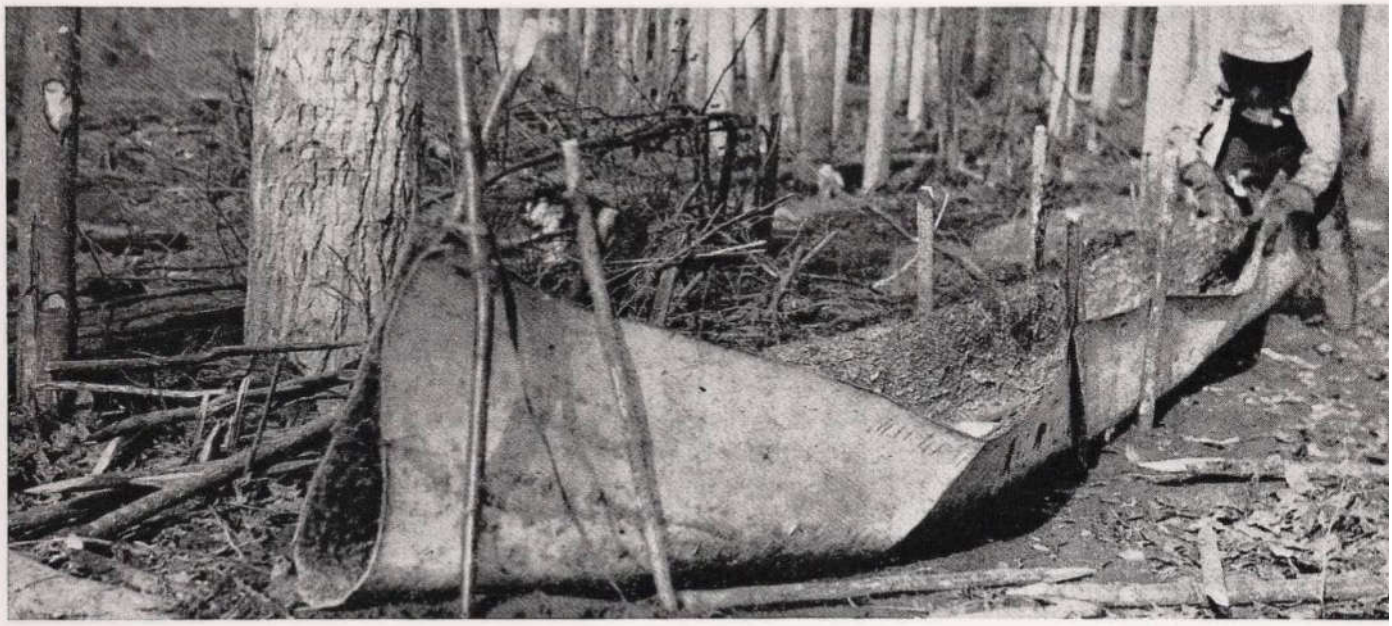
graph of a typical Kootenay canoe in 1953. True, it was covered with canvas rather than bark but the unmistakable pointed ends left no possible doubt as to its true identity. He assured me that they were still in use and that if we drove down to the Lower Kootenay Reserve at Creston, about fifty miles to the southwest, I should be able to see one for myself. This we did and I actually saw three of these canoes, heard of two more, and photographed one in use. The survival of this unusual type of canoe in the face of over a hundred years of pressure from an alien culture and an increasing familiarity with canoes of more conventional shape is an interesting example of the tenacity of some culture traits.

There were at least three distinct types of canoes in use in aboriginal times in the interior of British Columbia: the dug-out, usually of poplar; a more or less conventional bark canoe; and the Kootenay canoe which, according to the late James A. Teit, an amateur anthropologist of great ability, was "the most common." It is this author, Teit, who gives us a true picture of the distribution of this type of canoe and we discover it to be much wider than Mason had supposed, when he said "it is used in only a circumscribed area on the Kootenai." Teit would extend its range very considerably and include not only the Kootenay country but also the area occupied by the Shuswap as far west as the Fraser River, the Arrow Lakes, Lillooet, the Upper Thompson, and even the more westerly Chilcotin. In fact, the use of this canoe also extended south into the United States as Mason was told by his correspondents, particularly Caruana, who mentions its use among the Spokane, Colville, Kalispel, and the Coeur d'Alène. Boas, one of the first professional anthropologists to work in the province, supports Teit in his statement that it was used by all the Interior Salish.

It seems fairly certain that this unusual type of canoe has now disappeared in all this wide area except in the Kootenay district of British Columbia and possibly just across the border in the United States. It is curious that it should have persisted here, for the Kootenay people are believed by many to be comparatively recent arrivals here having lived, perhaps two or three hundred years ago, to the east of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta and Montana, and their prairie culture, which they still retain in part, almost certainly did not include this type of canoe. It seems, on the other hand, much more probable that they found the Shuswap people who, I believe were displaced by the Kootenays, making use of such canoes and adopted them themselves.

Mason draws a parallel between this canoe and one, similar in shape but covered with skin, used in the Amur River district in Eastern Siberia. It was difficult to see a connection between the Kootenays and the Amur River people but now that we find that this was not an exclusively Kootenay culture trait but a Salish and Athapaskan trait as well, its occurrence in Siberia is less surprising.

The only descriptions of the Kootenay canoe we have, refer to examples seen on Kootenay Lake, or near there. There were apparently considerable variations in size, for Lord in 1866 gives a length of 12 feet and a breadth of 7½ (almost certainly a misprint for 2½). In Mason's paper of 1899 the Rev. Fr. Caruana is quoted as saying



The bark is supported in position with stakes before the framework is placed inside. B.C. Archives

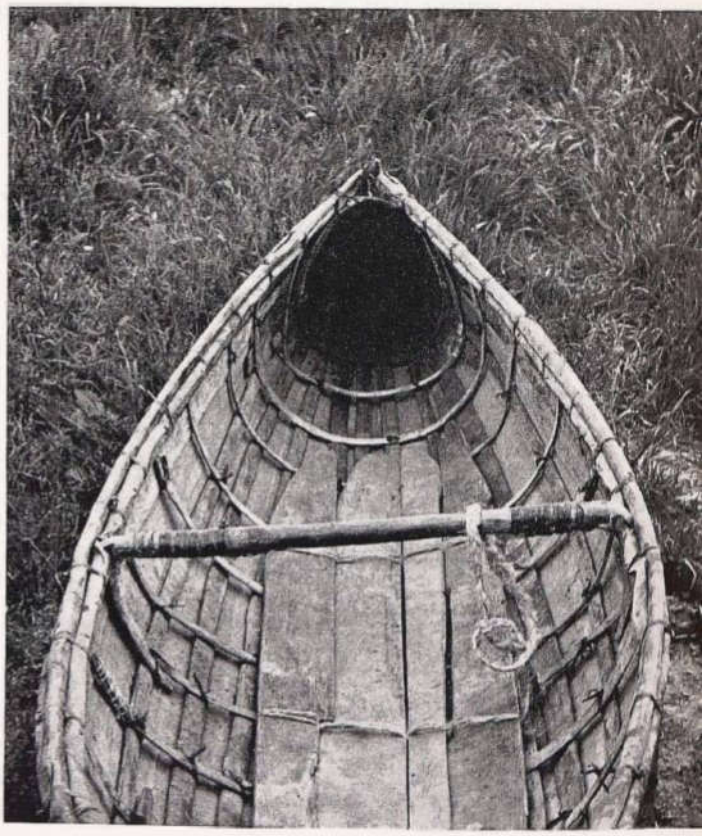
The paddler usually kneels on a mat of cedar slats. Here a sheet of plywood has been substituted.
National Museum-Leechman

A framework consisting of ribs, bow and stern pieces, and thwarts was lashed together with milkweed cord or strips of cherry bark and the bark was sewn to this frame with *watap*, the prepared roots of spruce or other conifers. The number of thwarts used to keep the sides of the canoe tightly braced varied from one to three. All seams and holes, especially in the two pointed ends, were made watertight with a mixture of resins from pine and fir. It took two women three or four days to build a canoe of this type and its normal life was two years. In winter the canoes were kept in a shed or some other shelter, and in summer laid on a rack made by thrusting poles horizontally in the bank, the outer end of the poles being supported by vertical forked sticks. Mats were laid over the canoes as a protection against the sun.

The paddles that I saw in use were of cedar, about seven feet long, with no cross-piece or grip on the handle. The blade took up about two-and-a-half feet of the paddle and tapered gradually as it merged into the handle. Poles were sometimes used in going up rapids. In poling, a man knelt down in the canoe as in paddling and worked with a pole in each hand.

the canoe was 24 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 2½ deep. Other writers give various lengths, as 14, 15, 18, 20, or 22 feet. All authors or nearly all, except Thompson, refer to the light weight, one authority (Kent in Mason's paper) putting it at 50 pounds.

To people familiar with the white pine of the Canadian forests of the east, pine bark seems entirely useless as a material from which to make a canoe, but the Western White Pine (*Pinus monticola*) has a thin, smooth bark very much like birch bark, especially in the younger trees. The bark was taken from the tree in a single piece in the spring when the sap was up; the bark at this time was tough and flexible. Two horizontal cuts were made round the trunk through the bark, the distance between them determining the length of the finished canoe. A long straight vertical cut joined the two horizontals, and the bark was loosened with spatulate wooden levers and turned inside out as it was taken from the tree. This feat, one difficult to perform with birch bark, was accomplished by standing a straight pole alongside the tree and rolling the bark on it as it came off the tree, just as a carpet is rolled on a wooden core. When free from the trunk, the roll of bark was tied in two or three places and carried home on the pole. The inside of the bark became the outside of the canoe. Sometimes a six or eight inch strip of birch-bark, also inside out, was sewn along the sides to make them higher.



Showing the single thwart, ribs, and slats of cedar lining the canoe, and kneeling mat. The gunwale is a 3-strip affair which adds considerably to the strength.
National Museum-Leechman

A modern canvas-covered Kootenay canoe with three thwarts, near Creston, B.C. The paddle has no grip or cross-piece.
National Museum-Leechman

The bottom of the canoe was provided with a sort of mat made of slats of cedar somewhat loosely bound to each other with milkweed fibre. These mats could be rolled up into a cylindrical bundle for carrying. The paddler kneels on this mat to distribute his weight over the bottom of the canoe. If there is but one person paddling, he kneels near the stern with his cargo amidships. If there are two, the stern paddler then kneels a little farther aft, and the other in front of the cross thwart. The paddler gives three or four strokes on each side alternately; if two are paddling, they both paddle on the same side and change simultaneously to the other, according to the wishes of the person in front.

The principal use of the canoe, as far as the Kootenay Indians are concerned, was in transporting the family and their goods. They were also used a great deal in salmon fishing; in war, hardly at all, though they were numerous enough. Dr. Turney-High, then of the Montana State University, quotes an Indian informant who told him of an expedition to Lake Windermere in one hundred and fifty Kootenay canoes.

The canoe was not carried on both shoulders with the head inside as is the custom in the east, but on one shoulder only, placed inside the canoe near the middle thwart and with the hand gripping the gunwale at the lower edge. I saw an elderly Indian woman pick up a canoe in this way and walk off with it with perfect ease.

In spite of their unorthodox lines, these canoes are said to have been very sea-worthy when properly managed. When a single paddler kneels near the stern, he sinks the conical after-point below the surface of the water, adding considerably to his control of the craft. The bow-point rides clear of the water and, indeed, is lifted intentionally about two inches above the after-point when the canoe is built. An informant of mine who saw these canoes in use on the Upper Columbia near Revelstoke about 1900 said they were excellent even in white water, rapids, and heavy waves. Chamberlain says "these canoes are very 'cranky' but the Indians can navigate one of them in the wake of a large river steamer with ease."

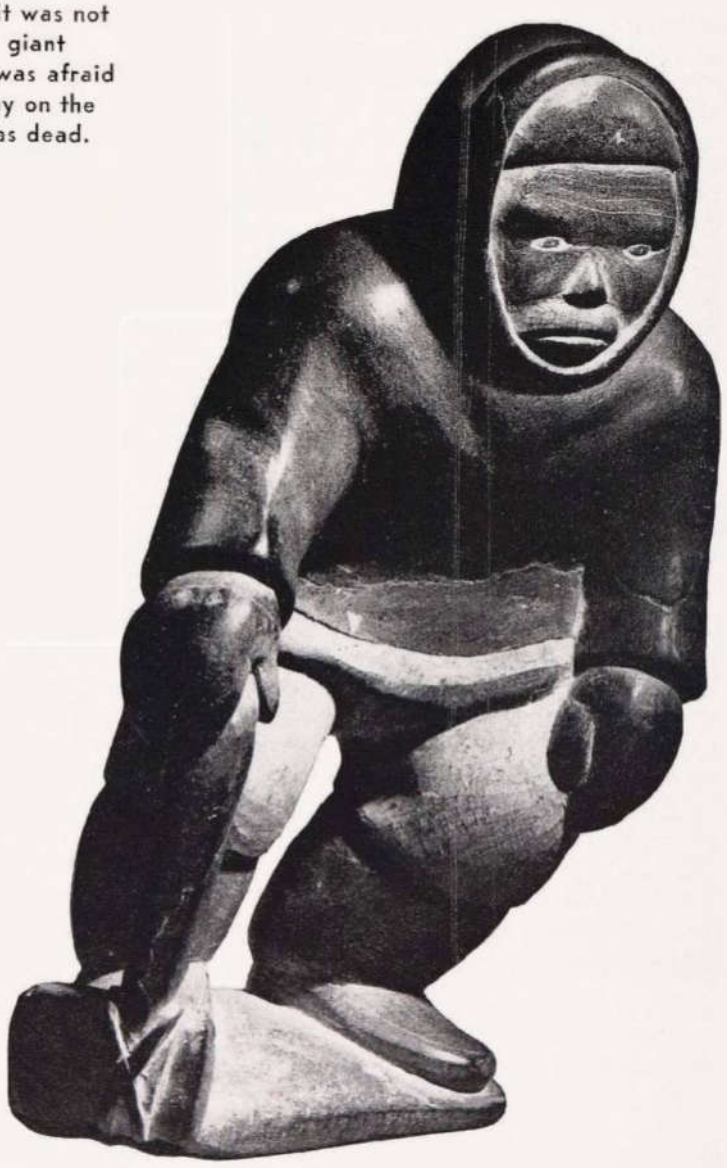
The purpose of the pointed ends remains unexplained. One suggestion is that they allow the canoe to be paddled quietly through tules (rushes) and reeds when duck hunting. Another is that they facilitated landing on a shallow sandy beach, but I observed that the custom is to bring the canoe alongside parallel with the bank or beach, and sandy beaches are scarce in that part of the province. Palliser says: "The point, being strongly bound with wattles, will stand a severe blow, and therefore acts like a beak to ward off rocks in running rapids." None of those I saw had the point 'bound' with wattles, but they were reinforced with very close ribs and stuffed tight with moss.

When I asked the woman informant to whom I owe many of the details given above, she herself having made many of these canoes from bark in the old days, why they adhered to this form, she explained the matter quite simply. "Because," she said, "that's the right way to make a canoe." ◆

THE HUNTER AND THE GIANT

an Eskimo legend recalled and written down by Levi Koon of Povungnetuk, on Hudson Bay, who also sculptured the stone to illustrate the story.

One day an Eskimo hunter went out fishing. It was not long till he saw a giant coming near. He was afraid of a giant so he lay on the ground as if he was dead.



The big giant reached the hunter and listened if the man was still breathing. The giant listened until the sun moved. This big man listened very long. So the giant lifted the man and put him on his back and started to walk home. Now this Eskimo was not dead, so he thought to make the giant tired. The man pulled some bushes while the giant was walking.

When the giant reached home he was very tired. He put his big axe beside the man. While the giant was sleeping one of his children said to her brother, "The man's bones will be my things to play with." The brother just said, "They are going to be your father's." The giant's wife went out to gather some wood to burn, because she wanted to cook the Eskimo man and eat him.

When the giant's wife was not in sight the man opened one eye to see if the giant was awake. One of the children said to her father: "The man opened one of his eyes." The giant did not hear what the child said because he was sleeping. So, the man took the big axe and cut the giant's head off and ran out of the big tent.

He ran and ran. The giant's wife saw him running. She started to run after him. He knew he was going to be caught by the big woman. So he plunged the big axe to the ground and the ground became a big river. When the big woman got there by the river she asked the man: "How did you cross the river?" The man answered "I drank the water to cross it." So the giant's wife started to drink the water. She drank and drank until she exploded and became a cloud. The giant died and his wife. The children also died because they had no one to look after them.

The man was happy because he was not afraid of giants any more.

BY DOROTHEA ST. HILL BOURNE

DAUGHTER TO PRINCE

BUT for a bar sinister the course of history might have been changed. Without it, Ruperta, daughter of Prince Rupert and wife of General Emmanuel Scrope Howe would have had a stronger claim to the throne of England than her cousin George I, son of her father's youngest sister Sophia, Electress of Hanover.

The story of Ruperta is a fascinating one. It is linked with the village of Binsted in Hampshire, where her husband is buried. There too lie three of the Howe children, grandchildren of Prince Rupert who founded the Hudson's Bay Company and was one of the great personalities of his age. Binsted has changed little and today looks much as it would have done when the Howe family rode to its grey Norman church through the lovely forest of Alice Holt which then swept to its doors. Of this forest and its sister forest of Woolmer, General Howe, and later Ruperta herself, were Rangers. Once the two forests, now sadly shrunken in size, were one and covered more than fifteen thousand acres.

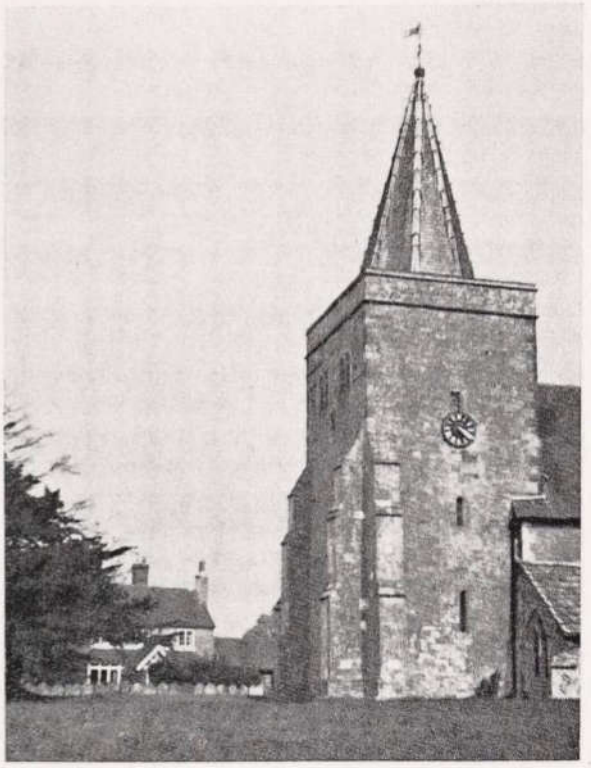
From earliest times Alice Holt was a favourite hunting ground of the Kings and Queens of England, who entertained their most distinguished guests with the excellent sport it provided. Still more important were its trees, the mighty oaks from which great ships were fashioned. This Royal Forest at the junction of three counties, Hampshire (once called Southton), Surrey and Sussex, is not far from London. The logs were carried ten miles overland to Godalming and then floated down the Wey to the Thames and so to the Royal Dockyards at Deptford, "at a reasonable expence," to quote an old record. The Office of Ranger (sometimes called Warden or Lieutenant) of Alice Holt and Woolmer was an important one. Usually it was given by the Crown to some distinguished person who became responsible for the care of the deer and other game as well as the valuable timber.

Prince Rupert probably fought in and around the forest in the Civil War, for, when George Wither asked for cannon to be provided to hold nearby Farnham Castle for the Roundheads, his request was refused because Rupert's Horse were known to be operating in Surrey and would undoubtedly have captured them! But it is in the early years of the Restoration of Charles II that his real connection with the forest begins.

The Prince was supporting his cousin, Charles, in building up the Navy—which he was afterwards to command as Lord High Admiral—so it is not surprising that the first Ranger to be appointed in the reign was his greatest friend, Colonel William Legge, known as "Honest Will" for his integrity and his service to the Stuart cause. Ship's timber was of vital importance, but The Holt (as it is called locally) was in poor shape after "the disturbances of the late reign" as an old document euphemistically describes the Civil War and Commonwealth. Quantities of trees had been cut down by the Parliamentarians for their own ships and doubtless the country folk had taken advantage of the troubled times and lack of supervision to help themselves to valuable timber. Nor had there been any replanting. Legge set to work to remedy matters and so well did he carry out the job that some fifty years later we read of there being

Miss St. Hill Bourne is a free-lance writer living in England. Documents in the possession of the Forestry Commission and of Glyn, Mills and Co. were kindly made available to her in the preparation of this article.

RUPERT



Binsted Church, where three of Rupert's grandchildren are buried.

Part of Binsted village, little changed since Ruperta's day.

"a great quantity of young, thriving timber and lately well preserved, which hereafter may be fit for the use of the Navy."

Legge was appointed in 1662 and six years later Rupert himself was made Ranger of Windsor Forest which, at that time, stretched to within a few miles of Alice Holt. What more natural than that the Prince, with his characteristic attention to detail, should ride over to see how the newly planted trees were faring, to compare notes on their respective forests with his old friend and to have a yarn about old war days? We like to think that he did.

It was in 1668 also that the romance began between Rupert and Margaret (or Peg) Hughes, the lovely actress who was to become Ruperta's mother. Peg belonged to the King's Company of Players and is said to have been the first actress to play women's parts on the English stage in place of the boy actors of earlier times. Public opinion was against this innovation at first so she must have been a woman of courage—a virtue very highly esteemed by Prince Rupert.

Tunbridge Wells, where they met, became a centre of excited and amused gossip, for the situation was unusual to say the least of it. Up to then the Prince, a Cavalier of the old school, had stood aloof from the dissolute and raffish behaviour of most of the courtiers and was consequently unpopular with them. The King still retained much of the affection and admiration he had felt for his big, dashing cousin since childhood, but court life stifled Rupert whose interests lay elsewhere. He was a country and animal lover; a fine athlete; a patron of the arts and himself no mean artist*; a scientist and inventor as well as a magnificent fighter and leader of men. In any age his character and personality would be remarkable. In an age of loose morals he stood head and shoulders—

**Beaver*, Winter 1959.

figuratively as well as physically—above his contemporaries for his integrity and temperance. Rarely was his name coupled with any woman's. We cannot judge the extent of his feeling for Mary Villiers, wife of his friend the Duke of Richmond, but he retained the Duke's friendship, and, after the latter's death, "Moll" promptly married an old admirer, although Rupert was a bachelor. Attempts to arrange suitable marriages fell through, generally through lack of enthusiasm on the part of the prospective bridegroom. There was the somewhat inexplicable liaison with Francesca Bard, mother of his son, Dudley, but this was no lasting affair. Although the Prince kept Dudley with him, Francesca disappeared from the scene almost at once and nothing more is heard of her until after Rupert's death when she claimed to be his widow. Attempts to prove the validity of the marriage through a questionable scrap of parchment purporting to be "marriage lines" are discounted by most historians for several good reasons. The Prince's sister, Sophia, while receiving Francesca at her court, never believed that her brother had married her. For one thing the Prince had categorically denied it and absolute truth was one of his characteristics. Rupert left nothing to Francesca in his will and Dudley was refused possession of entailed property at Rhenen on grounds of illegitimacy.

Peg Hughes seems to be the only woman for whom Rupert felt any real and lasting affection. Letters and memoirs of the time gloat over the scandal—the proud Rupert had at last capitulated, and to an actress! Peg was established in a magnificent mansion at Hammersmith and was invited to Windsor. She was loaded with jewels, which enraged Rupert's brother the Elector Palatine, for some of them had belonged to their mother, the Queen of Bohemia. Opinions were divided about Peg. Pepys, who resented the Prince's well justified criticism of affairs at the Navy Office, can never resist a gibe at him. He described Peg as ". . . seems, but is not, modest." Elsewhere she is referred to as "the most modest at Court"—somewhat qualified praise! All agree as to her attractions, but in her portrait by Lely she is portrayed as a somewhat typical Restoration beauty.

In 1673 a daughter was born and named Ruperta. Letters from Rupert to his sister speak of his delight in the charming little girl who ruled the Great House at Hammersmith. This period is probably the only one in the Prince's stormy and adventurous life when he enjoyed any kind of domesticity. The connection with Peg seems to have lasted till his death although her name still sometimes occurred on play bills.

One wonders if it was from her father that Ruperta acquired her love of trees and forests. We know of his

Contemporary portrait of Prince Rupert by an unknown English artist.

affection for Windsor Forest and very likely Alice Holt was included. Possibly he took his little daughter to visit Legge, thus beginning the connection with the forest which was to last all her life. Legge died in 1680 to be followed two years later by Rupert himself. Of the splendid band of men who were the Prince's closest friends only gallant little Lord Craven (a charter member of the Hudson's Bay Company of Adventurers) remained. He was executor of Rupert's will and saw to the sale of his goods and the division of his personal property between Peg and Ruperta, about £12,000 each. Their signatures are on his carefully kept accounts. Ruperta also inherited her father's collection of pictures, including family portraits by Van Dyck and Honthorst.

Margaret (Peg) Hughes, mother of Ruperta, from a Lely portrait in the collection of the Earl of Jersey.

It has been said that on his death-bed Rupert sent his Order of the Garter to the King with the request that it should be given to Nell Gwyn's son, Lord Burford, whom he named as a possible husband for his daughter. Nothing came of this although the great pearl necklace once belonging to Elizabeth of Bohemia was bought by "Mrs. Ellen Gwynne" for £4,520 at the sale of the Prince's property. Nothing more is known of the nine-year-old Ruperta Rupert, as she was called, for some years. Most likely Lord Craven acted as her guardian and in due course introduced her at Court. She seems to have been accepted by the Royal family as one of themselves, for she was closely related to them and to many European royalties.

Emmanuel Scrope Howe of Langar, in Nottinghamshire, was a Colonel in the Footguards and a Gentleman-of-the-Bedchamber to William III. He is described as being "a fine man, rich and of good position." He succeeded Legge as Ranger of Alice Holt. Although his name does not appear officially as such until 1699 it seems likely that the appointment was made earlier, for the Forest would hardly have been left without a Ranger for 19 years. Probably he and Ruperta met at Court, where he fell in love with her. Howe feared that the King would not approve the match so he and Ruperta were secretly married and, so tradition has it, fled to the seclusion of Alice Holt. Their fears were groundless; the King, when told by the Duke of Albermarle, took it

calmly. Later he spoke of Ruperta as "living like an angel with her husband." There seems to have been no breath of scandal about the Howes' married life.

They made their home in "The Great Lodge" on the site of the present Alice Holt Lodge, headquarters of the Forestry Commission Research Station. The house has been rebuilt and we have little idea of its appearance when Ruperta was its mistress. It was a house of importance with large pleasure grounds, paddocks, stabling and out-houses. Gilbert White of Selbourne tells us that in the days of "the Lady of General Howe" the Lodge contained "many curious pieces of mechanism of her father's constructing" and "a very complicated clock." Probably these and many other of the Prince's possessions were brought here from the Round Tower at Windsor, which, as we read in John Evelyn's Diary, was lavishly furnished with works of art and weapons of war. Ruperta's own portrait by Wissier, now in the possession of her descendants, must also have hung in the Lodge. This shows her as a slim dark-haired girl in a raspberry red riding dress, standing against a background of forest trees. Her Stuart blood as well as her likeness to her handsome father is clearly shown in her charming oval face, which has character as well as beauty. Rightly has Ruperta been described as "that delicious, left handed Stuart." There must have been life and gaiety in the Lodge for we know of at least five children born to Emmanuel and Ruperta—William, Sophia, James, young Emmanuel, and Rachel.

The post of Ranger was not a remunerative one even considering the greater value of money at that time. The salary came from "a fee farm rent from the manor of Wordelham" of £31.2.11. From this meagre sum the Ranger was supposed to find all wages, fees and rewards for the other forest officers. He had certain rights and perquisites for himself such as the right to take one stag and one buck in summer and one hind and one doe in winter; to fish in "the King's waters"; to claim all "waifs, strays, honey and wax" and to have free wood for repairs and fuel, known as housebote and firebote. He could also claim all dead wood and branches "blown or thrown down." His duties included the supervision of the Keepers in caring for the "deere and tymber"; the selection of trees to be felled for the Navy; regulation of the Fence Months, when stray beasts were rounded up, impounded, and returned to their owners on payment of a fine; and the administration of justice according to the ancient forest laws at "Swanimotes" or Forest Courts.

A letter from Howe dated June the 17th 1701, inscribed on one side "These for Mr Guidett atte his Chambers in Lincoln's Inn," concerns the arrangements for a Forest Court. "I suppose ye latter end of ye summer will be the time" we read in faded ink on a brittle scrap of parchment. According to the Forest Records "Councillor Guidot" (the spelling of proper names varies) was Steward of the Forest Courts; we also hear of him supervising Fence Months. Howe was worried because the Keepers had become slack but he thought if they were better paid they might improve. He petitioned the King for a Treasury grant for this purpose and a sum of £150

William Howe, son of General Howe and Ruperta, from a painting in the possession of his descendant, Mrs. Ruperta Bromley Shand.

per annum was allowed by Letters under the Privy Seal. This was confirmed by Queen Anne although slightly reduced.

In 1705 the Queen appointed Howe Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Hanover. Ruperta accompanied him, exchanging the peace of the forest for life at the court of her aunt Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who welcomed her warmly. The post was no sinecure for great tact was needed with the English succession hanging in the balance and both Jacobites and Hanoverians ready

The Wissier portrait of Ruperta. Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. Shand.

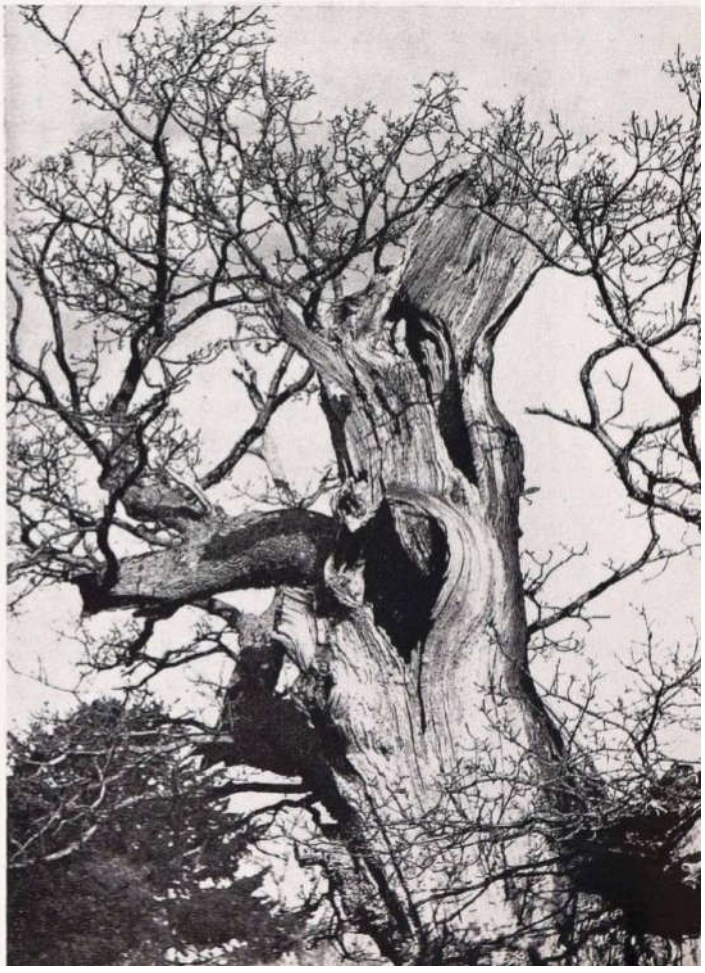
to stake a claim. Life was made even more complicated for the Howes by the presence of Francesca, now Lady Bellamont, the mother of Prince Rupert's son, Captain Dudley Rupert, who had been killed at the age of 19 at the siege of Buda in 1686. Although Francesca amused Sophia, she was a great trial to Emmanuel for, an ardent Jacobite, she did her best to interfere in politics. We know of at least one battle between them in which the outraged lady accused Howe of striking her, which he hotly denied. An official letter describes Francesca as "one of the silliest creatures which was ever born and bred."

The Howes' appointment lasted until the spring of 1709. Most likely they returned to Alice Holt from time to time for Gilbert White tells us that Emmanuel, doubtless with pleasant memories of boar hunting in Germany, released some wild pigs in the forest and also a "wild bull or buffalo." But the terrified country folk "rose upon them and destroyed them."

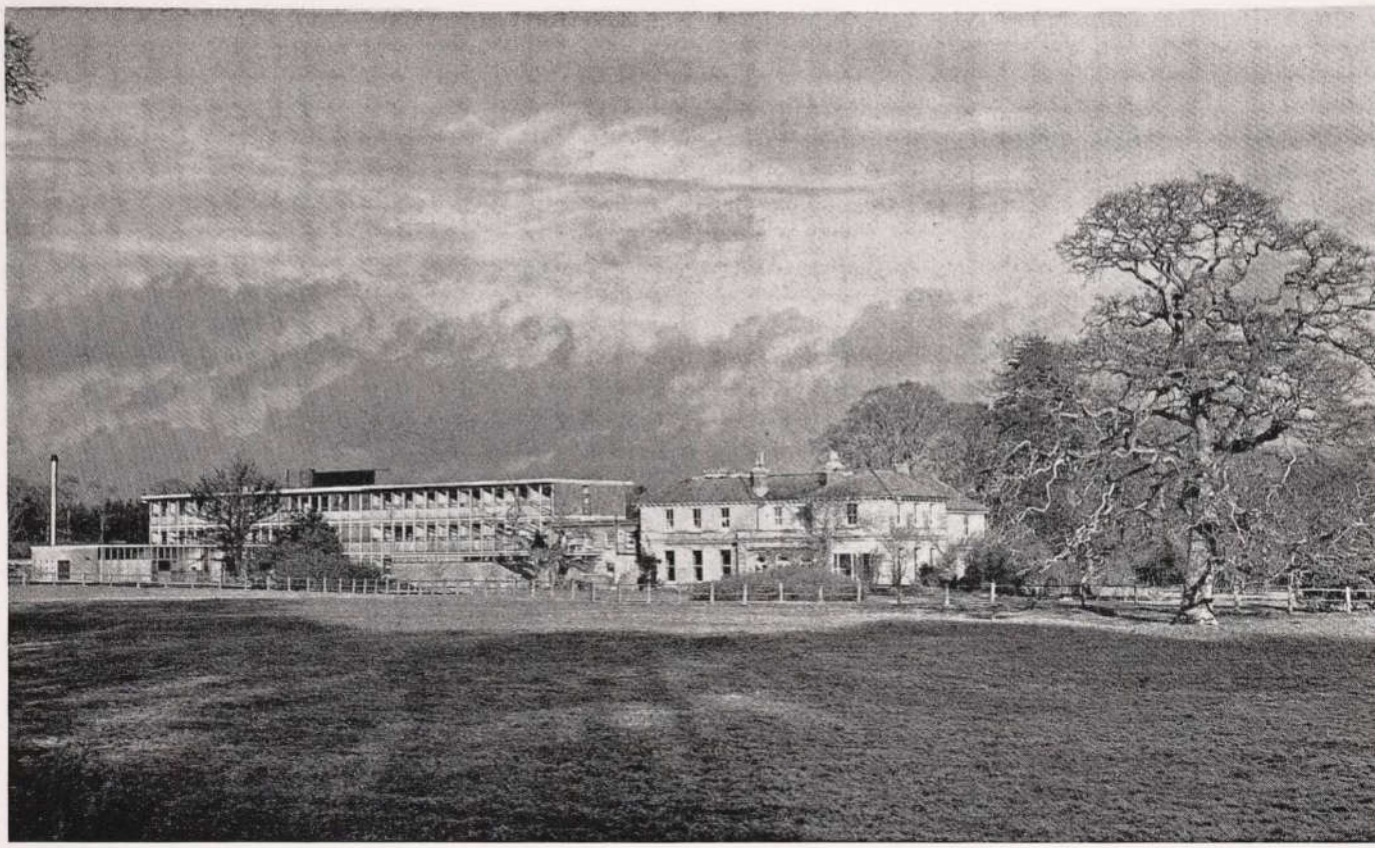
General Howe had long suffered from gout and was a sick man on his return. Ruperta wrote to her Aunt Sophia on September 14, 1709, from "Holt Forest" to tell of his serious illness. On September 29th he died, leaving everything, except legacies to the children, to "my dearest wife, Ruperta Howe." He was working almost up to the time of his death for I have seen a document inscribed "To the Rght Honble Sydney, Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of Great Brittaigne" (the equivalent of today's Prime Minister) from "Emmanuel Scroop Howe, Esq, Lieutenant General of Her Majesties fforces and Warden of the fforest of Wolmer and Alice Holt," across which is written the laconic note: "Dyed of the Gout att Holt in Hampshire in September 1709." From this document one deduces that in Howe's absence there had been trouble in The Holt. There was a dispute over the rent from the "Mannor of Wordlam," and neighbouring landowners were encroaching on the forest and claiming acres of land as their own. Emmanuel begged that speedy action be taken by the "Attorney or Solicitor Genll . . . least her Majesty and her successors should be disinherited by the claymes aforesd." On October 3rd Howe made his last journey through the golden forest to its parish church at Binsted. The funeral of "The Honble General How" is recorded in the register by Tho. Rowland, Curate. The same bells which ring today in the tower would have tolled for his passing, for much is still the same in Binsted.

Ruperta, left a widow at 36, with four surviving children (for Rachel had been buried at Binsted in 1701) was not her father's daughter for nothing. She did not wish to leave her forest home so, undaunted by difficulties of administration, she took on the responsibility of Rangership in her husband's place. Queen Anne confirmed the appointment officially and Ruperta's cousin, George I, on his accession renewed the grant for the Keepers to "Mrs Ruperta Howe in whom the office of Ranger is now legally vested." The document explains that the grant is "for the encouragement of the said Keepers and the better preservation of Vert*, Venison and Timber and to the end that many Disorders and Deprivations which frequently happened for the want of such encouragement may be hindered." Evidently there was still trouble in the forest for the lady Ranger to deal with. In after years Ruperta's rule was looked back on as a good one. In 1790 an old Keeper, one John Adams, whose forbears had held office for very many years, told a Commission about the Hon. Ruperta Howe and how she held the Swanimotes regularly and administered justice. In one matter she augmented her rights by claiming the valuable "lop and top" from trees felled for the Navy as well as the dead wood to which she was entitled. Strange to say this was not denied her—possibly owing to the Stuart charm—but her successors were challenged when they followed suit.

Oak tree at least 300 years old, at Alice Holt Lodge, stood outside the Great Lodge when Ruperta Howe was Ranger.
Forestry Commission



*According to Dr. Johnson, Vert, in the laws of the forest, signified everything that grows, and bears a green leaf within the forest, that may cover and hide a deer.



Alice Holt Lodge, the Forestry Commission Research Station, on the site of the Great Lodge, home of the Ranger of the Forest. The house at right incorporates the old lodge. The clearing, the old pleasure grounds and paddocks, is surrounded by forest.
Forestry Commission

More sorrow came to Ruperta. One by one she lost her children. James and young Emmanuel died in 1721 and 1727 respectively. Binsted church register states that they were "buried in wollen," thus conforming to the law to help the wool trade. For her daughter Sophie the future seemed bright. Many contemporary letters and verses speak of "the volatile Miss Howe," a Maid-of-Honour to Caroline of Anspach, Princess of Wales, but sad to say, after being involved in a tragic love affair with the handsome Anthony Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's brother, she "became frantic" and, in 1726, "died of a broken heart." Only William, the eldest son remained, but in 1733 he died, leaving a widow, *née* Elizabeth Pauncefote, and a daughter, Mary.

Gilbert White tells us that Ruperta lived to a great age, but actually she was sixty-seven when she died in 1740. Although she was still Ranger of Alice Holt she did not die in her beloved forest but in a Grace-and-Favour apartment in Somerset House, London, which had been granted to her, and was buried in its now-demolished chapel.

Ruperta's descendants, through William's daughter Mary, are proud of their ancestress and there is a tradition of Royal service in the family. Mary married a Sir George Smith, Bart., in 1747 and their son, George, who married the Hon. Esther Curzon, changed his name to Bromley on inheriting some property. I have been greatly helped in compiling this story by one of the Bromley descendants, herself called Ruperta, and who, by her likeness to the first Ruperta and also to Prince Rupert has unmistakable Stuart blood.

To commemorate the connection of Prince Rupert and Ruperta with Alice Holt and Binsted, an oak was ceremonially planted in the forest last autumn. This carried on the tradition of an oak said to have been planted by Ruperta, grown by the Prince from an acorn from his own forest of Windsor. It is unidentified, but may be one of the old oaks still growing. ♦

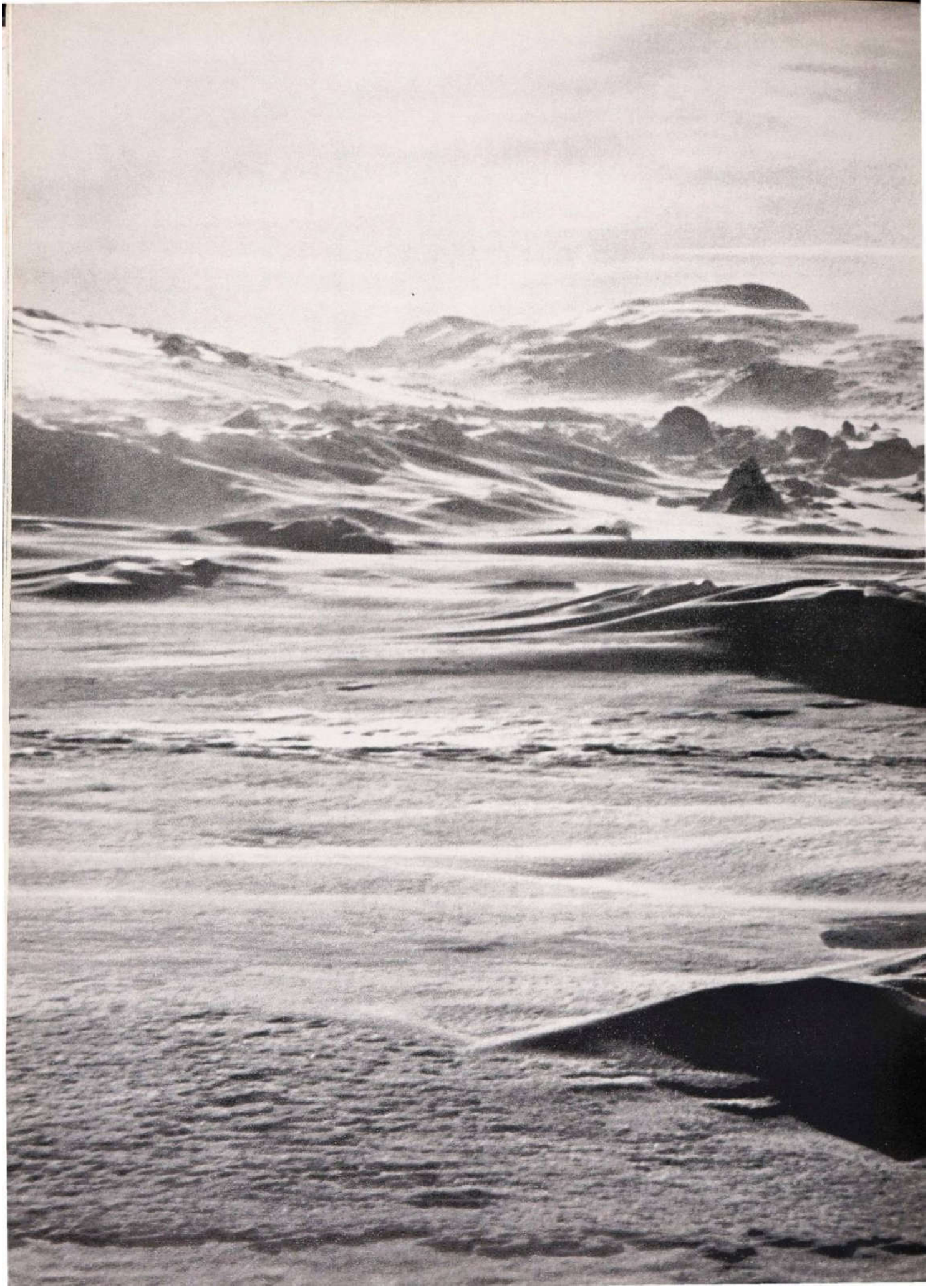
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES GIMPEL

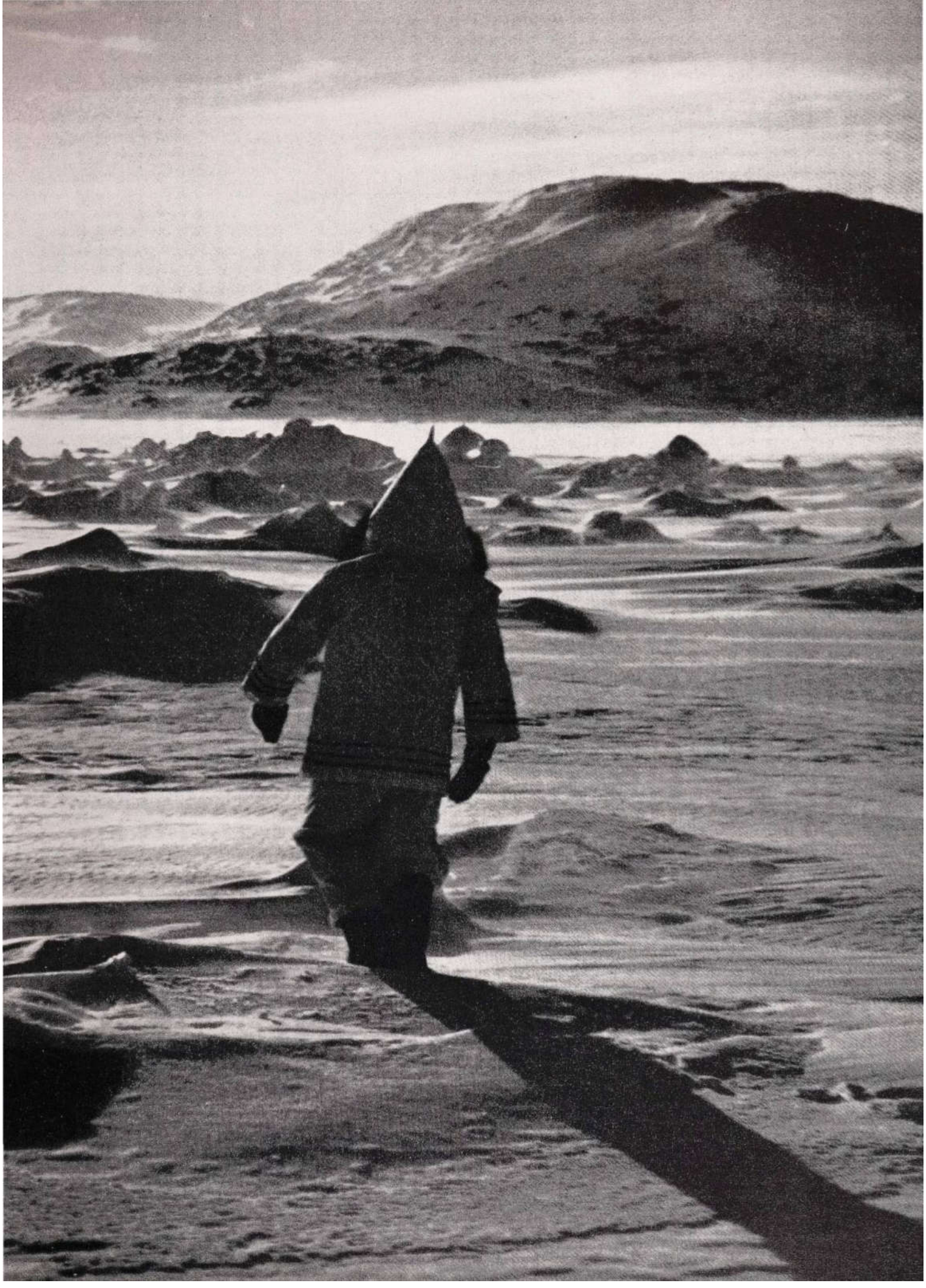
Four years ago Charles Gimpel came from England to spend six weeks in the Eastern Arctic visiting settlements served by the H B C. So much did he like the Arctic and its people that he returned last year and in May photographed these scenes that caught his fancy around Cape Dorset on Baffin Island. This was the time of break-up; the time when ice was beginning to release its hold on the frozen, still snow-covered land, when snowhouses sagged and ice coated the inside walls and Eskimos had to move into their chilly windswept tents. The time, also, to make the most of the lengthening days, and perhaps it was the stirring of spring that lured "the young explorer" —which is Mr. Gimpel's title for the picture on the following two pages.

Fishing for char is done with nets set through a series of holes cut in the ice. Sometimes it is necessary to make a deep investigation.

CAPE DORSET

Hauling a seal into the boat.





Snake-hips Lily, a star actress and singer in Dawson City.
Public Archives

This summer, Dawson City in the Yukon is to stage a Gold Rush Festival to commemorate the gold rush of '98 and incidents from Dawson's history. As part of the program to recreate the exciting days when Dawson City had a population numbered in tens of thousands, the old Palace Grand Theatre, now officially a National Historic Site, is being restored. In the refurbished theatre variety entertainment will be presented.

Gold rush theatres of the Klondike

BY MICHAEL R. BOOTH

Pioneer Canadian theatres have been a special study of Mr. Booth, professor of English at Royal Military College.

WHEN miners streamed northwards in their thousands at the end of the nineteenth century, seeking fresh goldfields in Alaska and the Yukon, they immediately built theatres and opera houses of the kind found all over the American and Canadian West since the California gold strike of fifty years before. The link between mining and the theatre was thus an old one, but theatrical history never had a more colourful and garish chapter than the story of the Klondike theatre during the great rush of 1898. From the pages of newspapers, from travel books and histories and memoirs, and from old photographs, one can trace the record of a theatrical boom matching in its feverishness the frantic search for gold.

There were other theatres besides those in the great boom town of Dawson City, both inland and on the coast. One traveller, Julius Price, described a visit to the Wrangell Opera House, a canvas-covered frame shanty, in *From Euston to the Klondike* (1898). He was escorted to his box by a bevy of songstresses and dancers, mostly "on the shady side of thirty." It was not a big night: several gentlemen were fast asleep in the stalls, stretched full length on the floor, and others in their shirt-sleeves dangled their legs over the edge of the boxes, "regardless of what is prudishly called propriety in England. There was no attempt at scenery, and the performances were particularly feeble." Fortymile, fifty miles down the Yukon River from Dawson, had an Opera House in 1897 and miners would come two hundred miles to attend it. But the leading theatrical centre of the north before 1898 was farther down the Yukon, in Alaska—Circle City, just south of the Arctic Circle. In 1896 it was a thriving community of 1200 people and three theatres. The main one, according to C. H. Hamlin in *Old Times in the Yukon* (1928), was a solid log structure called the Tivoli, which advertised on the brown wrapping paper of the Alaska Commercial Company. It gave the same show, *The Puyallup Queen*, for seven months in the winter of 1896-97 because its unfortunate troupe had been unable to get out before the freeze-up on the Yukon River. The patience of the audience at last giving out, they howled down the performers, whereupon the leading lady, known as Six Bits (her favours had been disposed of at Fortymile for a nugget worth eighty-five cents) abused her critics as "gumboot, bean-bellied, scrawny malemutes." Other actresses and dance-hall girls had such appropriate names as Limping Grouse, Black Chicken, Moosehide Kate, Deadeye Olga, the Virgin, and Sweetie the Pig. This last was a stripper whose garments were fought for by eager men, and whose turn Hamlin called "one of the finest and completest undressing acts you ever seen."

The towns of Fortymile and Circle City suddenly emptied with the discovery of gold on the Klondike, and Dawson City became the pot of gold under the rainbow for a world-wide rush of immense proportions. At the height of the boom, as many as 20,000 people were living in and around the hodge-podge city of false fronts, shacks and tents. The entertainment business became a gold mine itself, and for two years theatres, dance-halls, and saloons multiplied, changed hands, died and were born again in a bewildering maze of speculation.

Dawson's first theatre was the Opera House, a log building with a bar and gambling rooms in the front and a theatre in the rear, with a stage, boxes at each side, and benches on the floor (all Dawson theatres, whether canvas, log, or frame, followed this architectural pattern). Tallow candles burnt as footlights, and the curtain was made of blue denim. By the summer of 1898, more elaborate structures were being built, with painted scenery and dressing rooms. The Pavilion, opened in June, was lit by gas instead of coal oil, which new and dazzling light illuminated a happy crowd of miners who spent $12,000 in first-night revelry. The Combination opened in August, and was packed to suffocation on the occasion, perhaps because of the advertisements proclaiming "Every evening a Bevy of Beauties in Title Roles." The Combination soon became the Tivoli, and claimed for its program "The Finest Formed Women in the Yukon." Not satisfied with one Grand Opening in August, the Monte Carlo had another in October. It was the first theatre in Dawson to be fitted with electric lights, in addition to gas chandeliers and candelabra; all lights were shaded, a refinement lending justice to *The Klondike Nugget's* statement that "the appearance of this popular resort is fast approaching luxury."

In 1899, theatres were still increasing in number. That year saw the birth of the Novelty, a new Opera House (opened by the Female Extravaganza Company before 700 spectators), the Amphitheatre, and, finest of them all, the Palace Grand. The Palace Grand was built by Arizona Charlie Meadows, formerly frontiersman, cowboy, Indian fighter, gold miner, showman, and crack shot, who would sometimes enliven the program at his theatre with alarming stage displays of marksmanship and trick shooting. The theatre was magnificent by Dawson standards, and could seat 2,200; several hundred "opera chairs" had even been installed for the comfort of patrons. The opening night in July was a great success, in spite of the still wet paint. The audience showed its appreciation in the traditional Dawson manner by howling like malemutes (the wiry sled-dogs of the Yukon), and the *Nugget* highly praised the evening, although it

The Palace Grand, Charlie Meadows' opera house in Dawson City, pictured in the "Klondike Nugget," 1899.

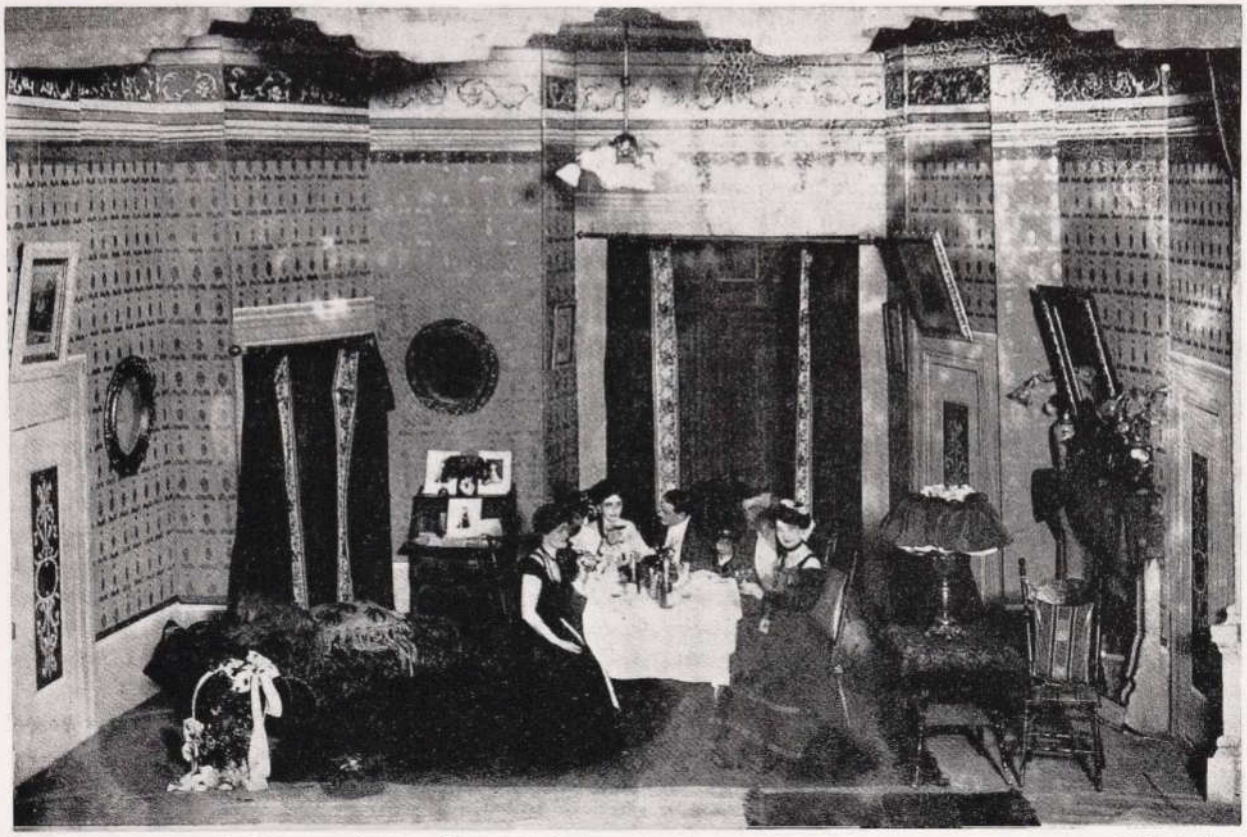
condemned the incongruity of the Fairy Queen stepping graciously from her elegant carriage and singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me." This led the *Nugget* to protest that "all musical art is debased to the level of singing of the loves of 'ma baby' and 'ma Lulu'."

Fires and financial failure were the chief hazards for theatre operators. The first Opera House burnt down in the 1897 Thanksgiving Day fire, the Tivoli in the great fire of April 1899, the Monte Carlo and the second Opera House in January 1900. The *Nugget* often reported the loss of capital through bankruptcy as well as fire. Running a theatre was not a shoestring venture; in addition to the investment in the building, furnishings, and liquor stock, there were the salaries of the barmen and theatre staff. Performers averaged $150 a week and musicians $20 a day; the better-known actors and actresses could, of course, command much more than the average. Commenting on the frequent changes of management, the *Nugget* said:

> The variety stage business has furnished the rocks upon which many an aspirant for fame and fortune in Dawson has been wrecked. Like every other business a man cannot expect to master it until he has had the necessary experience. The trouble has been in Dawson that in gaining the experience most of our novices in the stage business have reached the end of their sock.

Success in Dawson's theatre business, however, meant considerable financial gain. Men had nowhere to go in the evenings but saloons and theatres, and the popular ones were packed. If he chose to leave the crowded saloon at the front of the house and pass through to the theatre at the back, a man bought a ticket for fifty cents, which also entitled him to a drink or a cigar. If his poke was bulging with gold and he wanted to impress the whole of Dawson, he took a box and entertained the actresses and dancers (who also worked as box-hustlers) with champagne, which might cost him anywhere from $40 to $80 a quart. In the private boxes sat the nobs of Dawson, the big men, men who had struck it rich and wanted the world to know it. More often than not they spent their new wealth on high living such as this, disporting with the girls and spending hundreds of dollars a night, night after night. But at the moment they were at the top, and they gazed regally and scornfully at the crowd below. This crowd was entirely male; a few curious women visitors sometimes came and peered discreetly between box curtains at the strange sight below: a sea of noise and smoke,

1899 variety bill at the Monte Carlo Theatre.



The supper scene in the first act of "Camille" at the Orpheum in Dawson City. Public Archives

of gaily coloured Mackinaw cloths, fur coats and caps and broad-brimmed hats. The men were all enthusiastic; Robert Kirk noted in *Twelve Months in the Klondike* (1899) that "the audience shouted and cheered at the men and women on the stage, all of whom seemed to appreciate the laughable burlesqueness of the thing, and made it seem all the more ridiculous by lending extra colour and energy to their individual efforts." When the performance ended (sometime after midnight), the benches would be cleared away and the orchestra would play waltzes, polkas, square dances, one-steps, and all the popular tunes. The miners in their hats and hobnail boots paid a dollar for the privilege of dancing with the girls of the stage, who rushed them to the bar at every interval between the very short dances. And so went the gaiety, all night long until dawn.

The sort of entertainment the miners went to see was varied. The most popular kind was variety: songs and dances, comic sketches, and perhaps a one-act farce as well. On this type of program boxing and wrestling matches sometimes appeared, which aroused furious controversy and much betting. Local situations were often used in songs and sketches. Such numbers as "Christmas in the Klondike," "The Klondike Millionaire," and "Star of the Yukon" were always popular. John Mulligan wrote, produced, and acted in several farces at the Tivoli, among them being *Still Water Willie*, a satire upon Swiftwater Bill Gates, a Klondike millionaire noted for his amorous exploits. This piece, or a sequel, later appeared at the Palace Grand as *Still Water Willie's Wedding Night*. Another farce by Mulligan was *Hotel Life in Dawson*, which included mechanical rats and insects of enormous size, one of them at the end of the play carrying Mulligan up the walls of his hotel room and out of sight. Local plays which dealt with mining life were a one-act *Ole Olson in the Klondike*, *The Coming Cheechako* (a cheechako was a green miner), and a full three-act comedy *Working a Lay in the Klondike*. It is a pity that none of this lively native drama seems to have survived in print or manuscript.

Well-known Victorian "drama" and melodrama also formed a considerable part of the repertory. Such conventional melodramas as *Jack the Ripper, Sentenced to Death, A Father's Curse,* and *The Sea of Ice* were played; among the more serious productions were *Faust, Camille, The Marble Heart, The Count of Monte Cristo, Leah the Forsaken, The Two Orphans,* and the inevitable *East Lynne* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* A. T. Walden, in *A Dog Puncher on the Yukon* (1928), highly praised the acting of Eliza and Simon Legree, especially the former, who, aided no doubt by the observation of local ice conditions, gave a most convincing portrayal of crossing floating river ice, even though it was represented by newspapers. However, Walden thought little of Legree's bloodhounds, which "were represented by a malemute puppy drawn across the stage in a sitting posture by an invisible wire and yelling his full displeasure to the gods." The production of *The Two Orphans* at the second Opera House ran for a record two weeks, and the *Nugget* considered it unquestionably "the finest dramatic production attempted in Dawson." Public taste in Dawson, it concluded, "is as elevated as elsewhere, and plays of a legitimate character, properly staged and produced, will be generally preferred to the low order of vaudeville that has ordinarily prevailed in the town." Plays of the frontier and of pioneer days were also popular in a town like Dawson, and several appeared: *Davy Crockett, Brocky Morgan, The Old Homestead,* and *My Partner.*

The actors and actresses who performed in these plays were a mixture of cleverness, genuine talent, mediocrity, and sex appeal. W. G. Dill, in *The Long Day* (1926) called them "waitresses, box-hustlers, salesmen, tin-horn gamblers and the usual hangers-on of a mining camp." A few of them, however, were professionals from English and American music-halls, and one or two had experience of the legitimate stage. These were received with rapture, particularly men like Mulligan and the Irish comic singer, Freddy Breen. However, they were the exceptions. The *Nugget* commented strongly on the failure of a new venture at the Palace Grand:

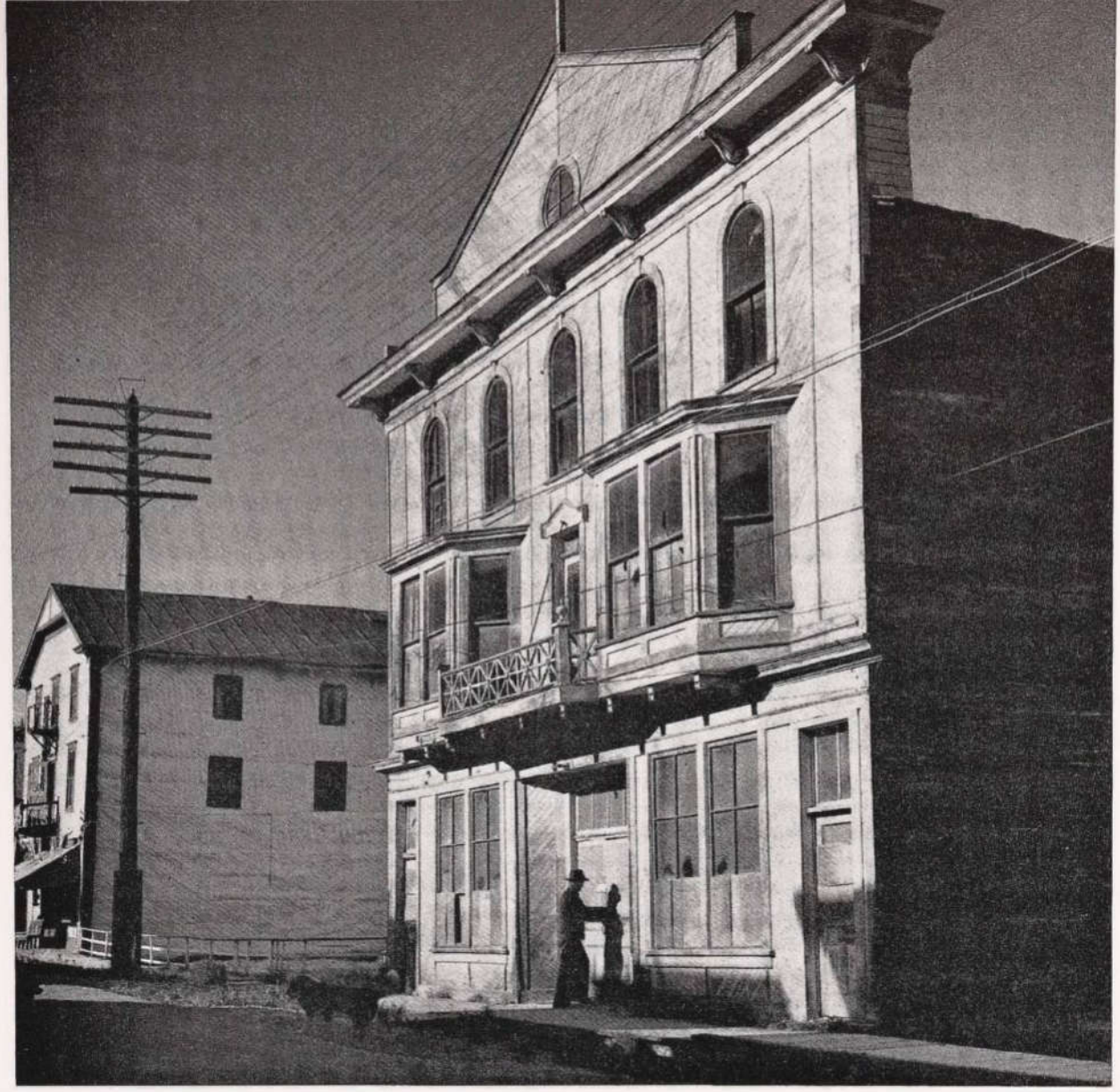
> The productions were poorly staged and badly played. Some of the members of the company are capable of good acting; but such as these lacked interest in their work, and did not give sufficient attention to rehearsals. Other players were in the cast who could do nothing but fail. In fact some were so exceedingly bad that they must have been advised to adopt the theatrical profession by persons who hated them excessively.

Tappan Adney, in *The Klondike Stampede of 1897-98* (1900) said that "of the female vocalists, with one or two exceptions, the less said the better. Untrained, never even second-rate, at times they tried even the patient Klondike audience."

With or without talent, the actresses and singers of Dawson compelled attention. They had to be physically tough to stand the rigours of entertainment life in Dawson, which meant singing, acting, box-hustling, and dancing, for ten hours a night. Few of the girls were attractive, but to the homesick and woman-less miners they must have looked like angels. Some were idolized, and left the country with a small fortune. One such was Cad Wilson, whose lively personality and theme song, "Such a Nice Girl, Too," roused audiences to ecstasies of applause. She also had a sharp eye for a dollar. It was she who persuaded a man known as the Sawdust King to spend $1,740 on champagne in one evening, her commission at four dollars a bottle amounting to a healthy sum. When Cad Wilson left Dawson after one season there, she was reported to have taken with her $26,000. Then there was Caprice, another Monte Carlo girl, whose acting the maid in *A Father's Curse* gave offence to the *Nugget,* which objected to her peeling potatoes with clusters of diamond rings on her fingers. The same Caprice was robbed one evening of $7,200 in a single roll of bills, taken (she claimed) from her bustle by two amorous gentlemen in a box.

In sharp contrast to Cad Wilson and Caprice—though just as successful financially—was nine-year-old Margie Newman, whose sweet, childish, sentimental songs reduced the tough miners to paroxysms of nostalgia, and brought as much gold out of their pokes as did Cad Wilson's sex appeal. To see and hear the Princess of the Klondike, as she was called, was to the *Nugget* reporter "like a whiff of the old home atmosphere which we long for so fruitlessly." Her "childish grace and sweet rendition" was so moving that she was frequently bombarded with coins, nuggets, and boxes of candy, and it always provoked a laugh in the audience "when the little maid drops her stage dignity and comes out to pick up the coins thrown upon the stage by her many admirers." The little maid left Dawson rich.

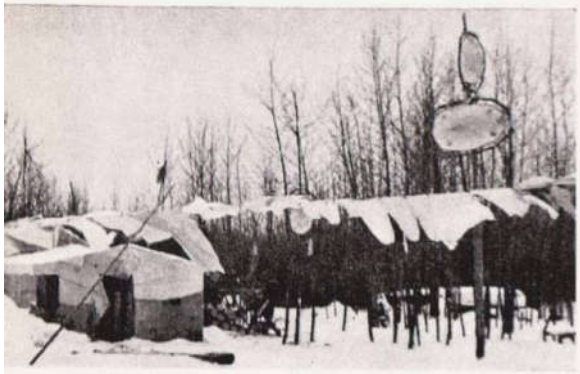
Anecdotes of Dawson's female entertainers are many. Freda Maloof, described in the *Nugget* as "a seductive Greek damsel," was charged in court for the alleged indecency of her notorious belly-dance, a great attraction at the Novelty. Prevented twice from performing before the magistrate, she pleaded her total innocence on the grounds that she was giving her audience a completely respectable Mohammedan religious dance. Nevertheless, she was fined $25. The best story, however, concerns the role of Nellie Lewis as Madame Prudence in *Camille.* Called several times by a harassed Marguerite,



The derelict Palace Grand Theatre as it appeared in 1953. *Rosemary Gilliat*

Madame Prudence offered no reply, until Nellie Lewis finally appeared with tousled head and flushed face between the curtains of a box, crying in a high-pitched and generally incoherent voice, "Madame Prudence isn't there. Call away all you like, Madame Prudence ain't a-comin' tonight. Don't you think she's a-comin' tonight!" Although carried forcibly from the box (in a somewhat dishevelled condition), the reluctant Nellie refused to go on the stage and the play had to be finished without her.

Dawson's frenzied theatrical life continued unabated until the winter of 1899. The Palace Grand kept opening under new management; the Opera House and the Monte Carlo burnt down; a new theatre, the Orpheum, was being built, its opening night eagerly awaited by performers thrown out of work by the destruction of the other two theatres. However, by the summer of 1899, news of a great gold strike at Nome reached the city. Thousands of miners headed for the new paydirt, and the migration continued steadily through the winter. The Orpheum opened in February 1900, and played a regular fare of legitimate drama. But the good days were gone. The *Nugget* noted regretfully that "the merry pop of the champagne cork is far from being heard in as frequent intervals as the managers would desire." After 1900, the Orpheum housed professional companies and stars on tour, and Dawson saw its first Shakespeare. Yet the new-found respectability of the theatre was short-lived. For Dawson City was dying the inevitable slow death of a gold-rush town, and with it died the most sensational and flamboyant period in the history of Canadian theatre. ◆



By Mary Gibbon

TRAPPER'S WIFE

MOST women either own a fur coat or wish they did. Mary and Joe, who might be Cree Indians of Moose Factory, Ontario, don't wear fur coats. They catch them. Every winter they go out into the bush around the southern tip of James Bay to trap the beaver that will eventually delight the vanity of women in the cities far to the south.

In the summer, Mary keeps house in a white frame cottage for her husband and three children like any other housewife. In the winter, she follows her husband into the solitary bush like her ancestors before her.

Mary was mending a tent on a hand sewing machine when I went to call on her in her government-built house in the Indian village. She opened the door and smiled at me, her two little daughters, Stella and Anne clinging to her skirts. At that moment a plane swooped low over the house coming in for a landing on the Moose River. Mary motioned me in, her words lost in the roar of the plane. When the noise was over, I said as I took a seat: "Moose Factory is a busy place. It must be changing fast."

Mary, who looked much older than her twenty-nine years, sat down at her sewing machine. "The old times are gone for good, I'm afraid," she said. "I'm always glad when winter comes and we can go back to the bush." Her strong, capable hands pulled at the tent. "But there aren't as many beaver as there used to be. And the price is low."

Miss Gibbon is a professional nurse who spent some time in the north on outpost work.

She turned the handle of the machine and a soft whirr filled the room. Stella, a beautiful child of about four years, left her mother's side to come and get a candy from me. Anne, about two years old, with the stoic Indian face of the centuries, stayed safely near her mother. Mary stopped the machine and adjusted the tent. "Joe works as a sailor on the Hudson's Bay boat in the summer to help make ends meet." She looked up from her work. "I miss him," she said, "I can't get out often. Baby sitters are a dollar a night even up here."

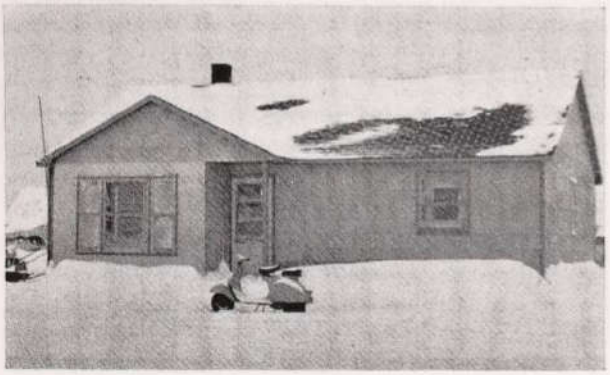
So many of the things that Mary said sounded like a suburban housewife talking. But as I looked out the window at the flat, desolate sub-arctic land, I realized that Mary had far more deep seated problems than usually exist in suburbia, for she was trying to straddle two civilizations. Mary's likeness to a suburban housewife was a thin veneer only and covered an Indian mind that went back unchanged for centuries.

When her mother mentioned Joe, Stella came running to show me the tiny pair of seal-skin boots that he had bought for her on his last trip up to the Eskimos on the Belcher Islands. She was an engaging child with black eyes and dimples and almost no shyness. With a flash of tartan skirts she ran back to Mary and whispered something in her ear.

Mary looked amused. "Why?" she asked.

Stella whispered earnestly again. Mary looked up laughing.

Scenes around Moose Factory, left to right: beaver skins and moosehide (and some washing) drying outside a tent. Canoe on supports, wood supply stacked, trappers smooth mud runners on sled. Modern Indian house, built with government-supplied materials, and motor scooter of the owner. The sewing machine is an important household item.
Photos by K. Wood



"She wants to go back with you. She thinks you can show her a highway and a pig. The city is a fairyland to her."

As I smiled back at Stella, I thought that it was probably fortunate that she dreamed of cities as she sat in her "playhouse"—a tiny tipi at the side of the house.

"Perhaps all my children will have to live in the city." Mary looked out the window as another plane flew low for a landing on the Moose River. "By the time Bobby, my baby, is old enough to trap, the beaver may be gone." Mary began to fold up the tent. "I'll be sorry," she said. "We have fewer troubles out on the trap line."

When she began talking about the bush all the small complaints about the house vanished. Only the elemental fears inherent to everyone in life and death remained. This is the life she was born to. Mary had no more worries about the dangers from wild animals than a city housewife has about traffic hazards. It was her opinion that wolves are far less dangerous than careless drivers and statistics agree with her.

"I love the bush," Mary repeated. "And we almost never get sick because we don't meet people to catch anything from."

But when sickness does strike Mary has to cope with it alone. Their trap line is fifty miles from the village and any possibility of skilled help. Before her marriage, she worked as an interpreter for a public health nurse. The knowledge she gained at this work has been useful.

Beading moccasins. *Cit. & Imm.—Harrington*

She packs a complete medical kit for the trap line—thermometer, aspirin, burn ointment, iodine, and one or two patent medicines. Other Indians journey far in the bush to ask Mary's advice.

"I'm always afraid of being called to tend a bad burn or a gunshot wound," Mary admitted.

A party moving out to the trapline, complete with dogs and supplies in two canoes. *N. Morant*

Last winter she ran into real trouble. She had had the children checked by the doctor before setting out for the trap line. Anne had a little cold, but at the time the doctor saw her, it was nothing serious. They had been out only two days when the child became pale and feverish. Mary checked her temperature. It was one hundred and four degrees.

"I was afraid," she recalls, "she had an awful cough and her breath rattled in her chest."

Fortunately, it was goose hunting season and they were near Hannah Bay where hunters gather from all over the continent. When Joe walked over, he actually found a doctor among the hunters who returned to Anne with him. It did not take the doctor long to diagnose pneumonia. They carried Anne over to Hannah Bay, radioed for an aeroplane, and within an hour she was safely in the Moose Factory hospital.

Mary's sister was not so fortunate. Her baby took sick and died before help could be obtained. It must have been a lonely journey for the father as he set off for Moose Factory across the frozen land with the little body on a sled.

"I worry about the children in the canoe, too," Mary said. "They are so lively. I tie them in." Then she added philosophically, "But trouble comes no matter where you are."

Mary has a big job moving her entire household into the bush for the winter.

"But I like getting the moccasins and mitts and things ready," she said.

She took me eagerly into her bedroom to show me the moccasins she had made. Her own pair were of soft, white moose hide, embroidered with brilliant red, blue and green beads, and trimmed with muskrat fur. They were exquisite, the hide itself soft as a caress.

I looked at the pile of untreated moose skin under the bed. The hides were stiff and covered with coarse salt and pepper hair. It seemed incredible that the soft, beautiful moccasins could have come from anything so ugly. Transforming the awkward hides to the lovely soft leather is Mary's job both by tradition and inclination. She enjoys the thrill of creation even if the work is heavy and exacting. First she scrapes all the meat and hair off the moose hide. Then the skin is taken outside to freeze solid. When she brings it inside to thaw, it is soaked in four or five different waters. Then it is boiled twice with a cake of laundry soap and a pound of lard. After it has been stretched and dried for the last time, it is smoked over a fire of balm of gilead wood (balsam poplar) for six hours. The hide, then, is finished and Mary has every right to feel proud of her handiwork. Of course real artistry goes into the making of moccasins, mitts and jackets for her family.

Mary casually showed me her bedding, which drew both admiration and envy from me. The children are kept snug from the subzero cold by rabbit skin blankets —as light as a dream. It takes about fifty rabbit skins to make a small blanket.* The skins are cut into strips about one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide. The blanket is put together by a sort of chain stitch and covered with flannelette which can be easily taken off and washed. You cannot see one of these lovely blankets without realizing that they are, indeed, a work of art, a heritage of handiwork handed down from the distant past, and Mary in her turn is passing this on to Stella and Anne. In preparing her children for a changing future, Mary is wise enough to retain the best from the Indian way of life as a foundation for them to build upon.

She makes their mattresses of down—the down from two hundred wavey ducks. The quilt for Mary's and

*See "Rabbit Skin Robe", *Beaver*, Winter 1955.

Joe's bed is made of the down from one hundred ducks. With down above and below they do not mind how low the temperature goes.

"I'll be glad when the packing is done," she said. "I'm always afraid of forgetting something. Last year we were two miles across the river when Stella missed her doll. You could have heard that child crying clear up to the Pole. We had to turn around and head back for town," Mary laughed. "I even have to order the Christmas presents from the catalogue before we leave in September. Then Joe walks in before Christmas to pick them up."

You can tell by the happy inflection of her voice that Mary loves her life in the bush. Most of the time the family live in a little log cabin in the centre of their trapline, but sometimes they go out with Joe and spend the night in a tent. With a small stove in the centre, it's warm enough for Mary to do her housework in a sweater. The floor of the tent is made of sweet smelling spruce boughs.

They live very snugly in the little log cabin, and Mary is busy from morning till night. She gets up in the bitter winter mornings at six o'clock, lights the stove, heats

Woodland cabin with beaver pelts being stretched and frost-dried. *John Macfie*

The dog-team ploughs through the snow.

R. Harrington

the water for washing the children and gets breakfast. Meanwhile Joe is busy packing his lunch of bannock, sugar and tea. They turn on a battery radio to listen to the weather forecast. If it is favourable Joe sets off for the trap line with the dog team.

While Joe is gone, Mary takes care of the routine housework, cuts the firewood and, if that were not enough, she runs a small trapline within sight of the cabin. Last year she caught a lynx in a snare.

"I was scared of him," she admits. "I grabbed a stick and started hitting him. But he grabbed the stick, too, with his teeth and claws. I got another stick and kept hitting him till he fell back. Then I crawled up to him and put my ear to his chest. His heart was still beating. So I ran back to the cabin and got the axe."

The next pair of moccasins she made was proudly trimmed with lynx fur.

Mary seems a little bewildered when she thinks of the abundance of fur that her ancestors took as a matter of course. Yet, while she looks with longing back to other times, she is, nevertheless, realistic enough to know that the white man's ways are here to stay, even at Moose Factory, at the end of steel and one hundred and eighty miles north of the last road. Undoubtedly, she works harder than her ancestors because she combines her new knowledge of civilization with the primitive skills.

"Stella was born in the bush," she says. "My mother delivered her and tied the cord with a heavy thread. Anne was born in the hospital here, and, as a matter of fact, I had a harder time with her."

To the women who will wear the fur that Mary and Joe catch, her life seems harsh. But her philosophy of life is the same as any woman's the world over. She is happy where Joe is. From this fact comes another big worry. She never feels really secure until Joe returns safely at night. So many things can happen to a man alone in the bush.

Last spring at break-up time Joe staggered home with his wet clothes frozen on him. His canoe had upset, while he was shooting some rapids. Fortunately, he had been thrown close enough to the river bank to be able to make his way against the swift water to safety. Mary admitted that she was trembling as she brought dry things for him to put on.

Death can come swiftly when there is no help at hand. Mary's cousin was shot on a moose hunt and found two days later frozen to death. Two brothers were drowned in a canoe accident, a third was burnt to death while sleeping in his tent. These risks are not included in the price of a fur coat

Joe's footsteps alone can dispel the dispassionate cruelty of the north for Mary. It is only when he is late that the implications of isolation are brought home to her. Sometimes it is almost midnight before the sound of the barking dog-team announces Joe's arrival and the visions of him injured and lying somewhere in the frozen bush fade from Mary's mind.

"When I ask him where he's been he just says he's been taking his time." Joe's excuse is universal and Mary accepts it with the same mixture of love and disbelief as any other housewife.

But Mary is not just another housewife. She is in the midst of a transition which spans the centuries from the primitive to the atomic age. As Stella stood beside her waving goodbye to me, I realized that the gap of the centuries would probably narrow to the few years required for Stella to reach maturity. With the mushrooming boom in the north, Stella will probably wear a coat made from the furs which have been the livelihood of her parents. ◆

NEW TRICKS IN AN OLD TRADE

Text and photographs

By John Macfie

Their motor toboggan permits these trappers to make the weekly tour of their traps in two or three days, leaving time for winter work in the settlement where they live.

THE last important technological advance on the trapline was the introduction of the steel trap. The mass production idea has been completely frustrated by the peculiarities of the industry and the individualism of its practitioners, and methods remain basically the same as they were a century ago. Nevertheless, the conditions that encourage modernization in other fields are also present in the wild fur harvesting business. The Canadian trapper of today competes not only with thousands of other trappers and fur ranchers round the world, but with producers of other natural and synthetic materials, who are much better organized than he is, as well. A high level of fur production and outside competition has, since World War II, held raw fur prices down while the cost of living soared, and the trapper has found it progressively harder to earn a living from his trapline. The pot of gold is gone from the end of the rainbow, for there are no more glamour furs such as the silver fox and fisher were in their time, when single pelts might sell for the equivalent of three months wages. The trapper knows at the beginning of the season approximately how many pelts his trapline will produce, and how much they will be worth. In order to make trapping a profitable venture, he must harvest the crop as quickly as possible, at the period of maximum primeness, and place before the fur-buyer as attractive a product as he can.

Duncan MacLennan, John Sands and Bill Pugsley are trappers who make the most of the fur-producing land at their disposal. The three trap thirty square miles of lake and pond studded bush east of Georgian Bay in central Ontario. They also work at other jobs in season (the sparsely populated region supports a few marginal farms, intermittent small logging operations and a tourist

Mr. Macfie is a conservation officer with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests.

At noon on the trapline, the traditional pail of tea.

The toboggan is loaded in the back of their truck for the journey to and from the trapline.

industry) but in spite of the relatively small size of their trapline, fur is the most important single source of cash income for all of them. The investment in this small business is about $4,000, including the purchase price of a registered trapline, on which they have exclusive trapping rights (in addition they hold year to year privileges on some small tracts of private and Crown land outside the borders of the trapline), 250 traps, a motor driven toboggan and a share of the cost of a truck which transports men and toboggan the twenty miles from homes to trapline. Ontario traplines are usually valued according to the number of beaver colonies they support; this one, with about one hundred, is more productive than the average. Intensive trapping from November 1st to late February last year yielded a gross return of $3,300, or $275 a month each. This is not big money, but most trappers work for less.

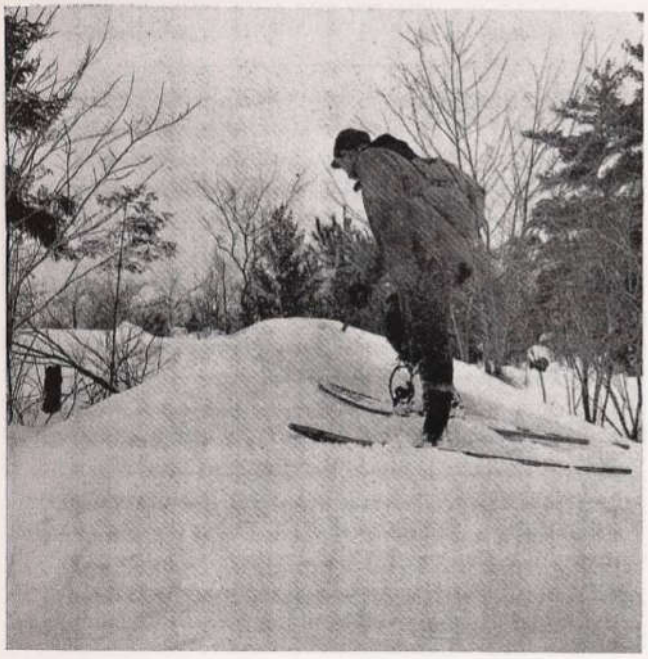
The methods illustrated in the accompanying pictures of Sands and Pugsley (MacLennan was at home stretching beaver pelts on the days the pictures were taken) are about as modern as have yet been devised. The men harvest a large quantity of fur in a short period of time, without working excessively hard. Their pelts have won first prizes in competitions, and when they sell their fur, in large lots of meticulously handled skins, they get top prices. They try new techniques developed by other trappers, and experiment with their own. Noting the popularity of the frost-dried beaver pelts turned out by the James Bay Indians, these men duplicated the process by storing November and December caught skins in a home freezer, to be stretched and fleshed in the midwinter period when James Bay cold pushes down to Georgian Bay.

Evidence of good business practice appears in many places on this trapline. Before being set out in the fall, all traps are first blackened, for camouflage in the dark water, then waxed for protection from rust. Traps are usually set in pairs, two at each beaver house, two at each dam or rapids where mink or otter might be caught. Then, in running the line, two men travel together, each tending one trap at each site. When a beaver is taken, both pull out skinning knives to work on it simultaneously, removing the pelt in five minutes. No need to drag home the heavy carcass of the beaver, for here the place of the meat-eating dogteam has been taken by a gasoline powered toboggan.

MacLennan, Pugsley and Sands have, in their drive for efficiency covered the fields of production, research, packaging, and advertising. Assembly line production of wild fur is as remote as ever, but some modern business techniques are creeping into the industry. ♦

Snowshoes are needed for early winter when snow is soft and lake ice unsafe, but later they are needed only for side trips to traps. Here the trappers are passing a large two-compartmented beaver house.

Chopping ice from the hole above a previously set trap.



Government quota permits the taking of two beaver from each colony; the three men may catch about 200 this year. Prodding through snow cap on beaver house reveals that steam from within has formed a cavity, indicating occupancy.

After chopping a hole in the ice a few feet from the beaver house, the trap is attached to a pole and set below water. The set is baited with green poplar sticks. Traps are also set on beaver dams for mink and otter.

Peering into the dark water to see if trap is disturbed.

Working swiftly, two men remove pelt in a few minutes.

Returning with catch to the trapline cabin where the men spend two nights a week, reaching it by the motor toboggan. Right: Putting a beaver pelt on a stretching board. It still requires some scraping and several days' drying in the cold.

— — AND STILL THE OLD WAY

New methods of handling a trapline may be developing in favourable areas, but in the Fort Hope country of northern Ontario the old ways prevail, though there is little difference in the actual trapping. These photos of Ojibwa trappers were taken by A. B. McIvor. The Indian on the left is setting a snare which he is about to attach between the cross-pieces of the pole before sinking it under the ice. Below, opening a hole over a beaver run for a trap and, right, marking it with green sticks which act as bait and block the runway.

BOYHOOD AT OXFORD HOUSE

BY D. GENEVA LENT

This account of the boyhood of a fur trader's son at an inland post in the first decades of the nineteenth century is drawn from a chapter in Miss Lent's book about the Sinclair family *West of the Mountains* to be published shortly by the University of Washington Press. The woodcut illustrations in this article are based on sketches by R. M. Ballantyne who was at York Factory and Oxford House in the 1840s during his employment with the Hudson's Bay Company.

JAMES Sinclair was nine years old when in 1815 misfortune befell his family. He was old enough, however, to recall for the rest of his life the pleasant years spent at his father's post before the latter's demotion from Chief Factor to 'trader inland' in the Hudson's Bay Company's service.

Such change of fortune had come about through the inauguration of a policy of retrenchment at a critical time in the old Company's history. It had been instigated by the Company's London Committee in 1814 as a means of coping with the serious losses resulting from the vicious inroads of the rival North West Company into Hudson's Bay Company's territory. The British shareholders—angered by the small or non-existing dividends during this period—had insisted that the blame be placed somewhere, justifiably or not; in this instance, on the shoulders of William Sinclair, the elder, then in charge of one of the Company's largest and most important districts in Rupert's Land. William Sinclair, born in the Orkney Islands in 1766, had joined the Company in 1792 and in August that year began his duties at York Factory as a writer.

Whatever the cause of his father's demotion, young James Sinclair had shared for a time with his family the comparative comforts of the 'Great House' or Master's dwelling at Oxford House, the post Sinclair had built for the Company in 1798 on Holy Lake, afterwards called Oxford Lake. Around his post William Sinclair found patches of soil worth cultivating. He ordered seeds from Britain to plant a garden and a field of grain. When he found he could grow fodder he also imported cattle from the Orkneys at his own expense. The bull and several calves survived the long voyage well and with this stock he established a small dairy to supply fresh milk and butter for his family. During the four years following his elevation to Chief Factorship in 1810, William Sinclair had been expected to procure at his own expense certain luxuries befitting his station for himself, his wife and children. Immediately upon his removal from this office, his place of preferment was filled at Oxford House by a favourite of the next Governor at York Factory, and the elder Sinclair was sent some miles away to a depot at Knee Lake, without suitable accommodation for his large family. He was kept away almost continuously, traversing the rugged country about Hudson Bay in search of trade with the disaffected Indians at their hunting grounds and encampments.

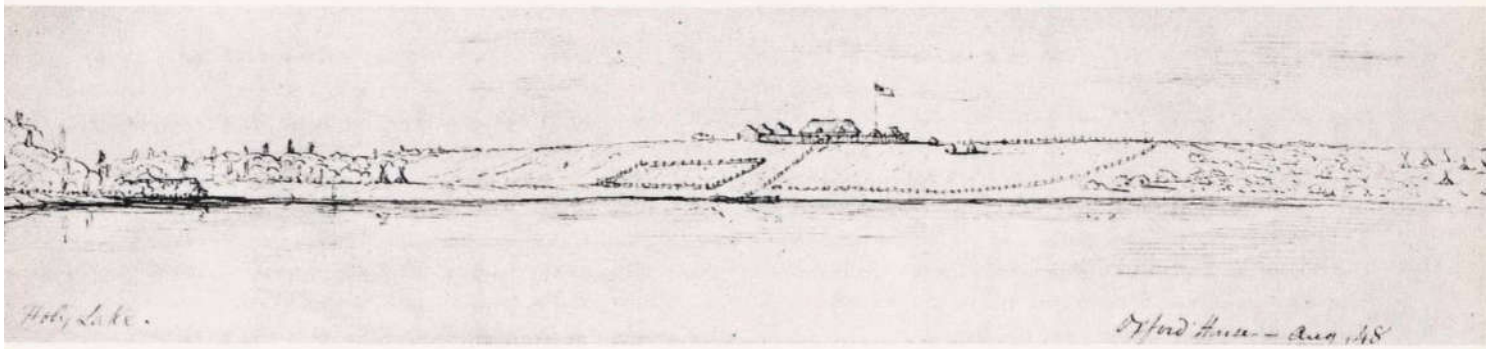
As a doubtful compensation from the new Governor, Sinclair's family was permitted to remain at Oxford House, but removed from the Master's house that had

been their dwelling for sixteen years to a small humble shelter within the walls of the post. Here the elder Sinclair returned at scarce intervals for two years—these short visits all that young James remembered of his father during the last four despairing years of excessive wanderings, labours, and decline in health before his death in 1818.

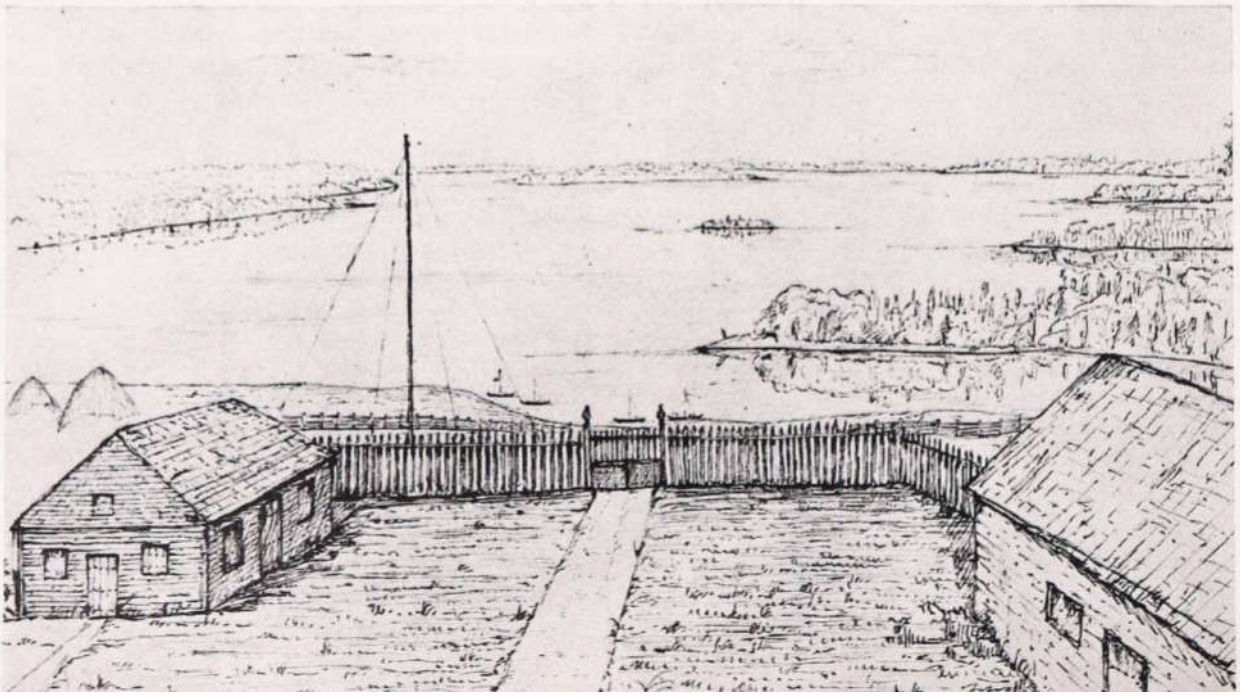
Despite these reverses, Oxford House in Rupert's Land was a fascinating and enlightening place for a boy to spend the early impressionable years of his life. Situated halfway between the northern end of Lake Winnipeg and the western shore of Hudson Bay, this post was at the outlet of Oxford Lake, at the centre of the complicated labyrinth of rivers, lakes and rapids that marked the important route used from the middle of the 18th century for the transporting of furs and trade goods between the interior of the continent and the Hudson's Bay Company's chief depot—York Factory—at the mouth of the Hayes River.

Compared with its relative isolation today, even in the swiftly developing Northland, Oxford House in James Sinclair's time was not an unimportant centre of activity. It was a place to enliven the interest of a lad, and where he learnt many of the fundamentals of skills which stood him in good stead later in life as frontiersman, trader, and explorer. At Oxford House he was introduced to the arts of hunting, fishing, paddling a canoe, rowing a York boat, snow-shoeing, sledding, packing, and building adequate shelters of one kind and another. In short, he learnt the way to survive in a stringent environment—knowledge certainly put to every test when he safely conducted parties of settlers by untrodden ways over the plains and mountains.

Many of James Sinclair's earliest recollections were coloured by the normal routine of the post. The sights, sounds and smells of the forest and fur trade became part and parcel of his existence. Here the primordial stillness was broken by the sound of familiar voices—admonish-



Two sketches of Oxford House in 1848 by George E. Finlay. The upper drawing, done in August, shows haystacks in the right-hand enclosure, evidently the hay field, and Indian lodges at either side of the clearing. The lower view is from the post looking over Holy (Holey) or Oxford Lake, with four York boats lying offshore. *Courtesy Glenbow Foundation*



ing parents, happy or sorrowful exclamations of young brothers and sisters; the working sounds and chatter of Company servants busy about their several tasks; the sharp barks and whines of sleigh dogs; the cry of northbound waterfowl in spring; the return of the birds in the autumn southward over the migratory routes; the lonely call of the loon on the lake at sunset. But most exhilarating of all the sounds at Oxford House was the lusty shouting and singing of *voyageurs* and boatmen—heard over an astonishing distance as York boats and canoes approached the post. These were the annual brigades that brought down the fur from the interior, and brought up the supplies and trade goods from the Bay for the inland posts.

At Oxford House the day began with the laughable and incongruous sound of the cock-crow, as the king of William Sinclair's small, carefully guarded flock of domestic fowl, brought at such cost from the Orkneys, would bring the fort to life. There would follow the clear, resounding 'chunk' of an axe as some early risen servant began his daily task of preparing firewood. The pleasant smell of smoke rising from a chimney in the married men's quarters would next announce the preparation of the morning meal by the solicitous women of the fort. Finally, the sounds of the normal day's work would combine in a curious harmony; the continuous screech of the fur press; the clang of hammers; and the rasp of whipsaws uniting as men began to busy themselves with the building of new sheds, crude furniture and York boats. All this merged with the whining and snarling of sleigh dogs begging for scraps of meat and whitefish.

Occasionally a peculiar solo part emerged from the ensemble, as the guttural grunts of Indians announced their approach in canoes across the lake to the Company's landing stage. If satisfied that the visitors were on business James Kirkness and Josiah Cook—the posts' traders and young James' brothers-in-law—would let the natives come inside the stockade to barter their furs at the 'Indian Shop', which chanced to be placed so James could watch much that transpired from the loft of his mother's small log house.

Though James Sinclair's recollections of his father were slight, he had exerted a strong influence upon his children. Nahovway (also called Margaret), the Cree wife and mother, observed her husband's careful instructions long after he had left the family circle. William Sinclair had permitted no show of intimacy with his children to break the barrier of his proud Scottish reserve, but he had demanded a proper respect and admiration from them. He had seen to it also that the explicitly written instructions issued each year from the Company's

Departure of a brigade.

headquarters at York Factory were strictly obeyed. The Master of any Company post was expected to teach his children a rigid code of ethics. He was to give them some elementary education in 'the three R's'. In the precise words of the edict, "children are expected to converse in the language of the father; be taught the catechism, and short bedtime prayers, as well as the essential rules of decency, cleanliness and moral propriety".

A Master of a post was also expected to hold simple religious services regularly for the benefit of his family and the servants under his command. He would follow the English *Book of Common Prayer* for Matins or Evensong. Such rulings William Sinclair had observed punctiliously each Sabbath, whether at his post or encamped on the trail.

Like the majority of other Company officers of his day, the elder Sinclair did not consider it necessary for the women of his family to be learned. They would marry young, and had more important things to occupy them than books. Besides, there were as yet no schools in Rupert's Land for the training of Company officers' children, and sons had priority over daughters, if an opportunity came for their education in Britain.

At a surprisingly early age, and especially after his father was gone, young James discovered that there was no lack of work for anyone at Oxford House, whether male or female, young or old. Everyone about the post had to help earn his keep. James was taught to assume

his share of the post's essential work. Each was allotted his task when old enough to bear it; for a young child this was mostly fetching and carrying. James often had to take the added burdens of his ailing brother John, who, try as he would, could not keep up with the others, in work or play.

As for James' sisters, he had a genuine affection for the older ones, Ann, Katherine, Jane, Betsy and Phoebe,

Cutting wood in winter

though they had but little in common. These sisters were kept busy with their own affairs, and had little time for him. All of them assumed their share of women's work about the post. They were taught by their Cree mother to sew useful garments of cloth and buckskin, to make 'Indian shoes' or moccasins; and to cook and clean from morning to night. Besides, several of James' sisters had married young 'in accordance with the custom of the country'. Ann, the eldest, was wedded to a man named Spencer, who had taken her to Upper Canada before James could remember much about her. Of the next two sisters, Jane was wife of Kirkness, and Katherine of Cook—the traders of Oxford House. They each had their own small dwellings and were occupied with the duties of their own households. Of the unmarried girls, it was his sister Betsy whom James found most companionable. She was exceedingly kind hearted and of a happy disposition. She was capable and amiable, but too offhand with visiting boatmen and traders, though without any apparent evil intent. It was Betsy's careless ways that had led to her father's serious displeasure with her, and his ignoring her in his will. But the next sister, Phoebe, was gentle, kind and shy. She was already betrothed to Thomas Bunn, who had long been William Sinclair's closest friend and confidant. Bunn was a widower more than twice Phoebe's age. He had come to Rupert's Land from the south of England, and was better educated than most servants of the Company. He had risen to the position of accountant and storekeeper at York Factory, but he managed to come often to visit the Sinclair family at Oxford House. Sinclair's youngest sister, Mary, was a pretty, chubby child of seven before James left his mother's house for school in Scotland. Of the numerous family whom James remembered with affection from his childhood at Oxford House, the youngest was Colin, the son born posthumously to William Sinclair, and who was only a few months old when James last saw him.

James' mother exerted, in her own way, a strong influence upon his life. Her genuine kindliness and exceptional care of her family under difficult conditions was memorable, but she unconsciously instilled in her children many of her native ways. She dressed James, for example, like the men and other boys at the post, in the practical part-Indian part-European garments that were common. He wore buckskin clothes sewn for him by his mother and sisters; a leather shirt and trousers, with moosehide moccasins. To this was added in cold weather a Company capote or hooded blanket coat, buckskin mittens, and a fur cap.

Ascending the Hayes River on the way to Oxford House.

An elaborate cariole drawn by a team of smartly dressed dogs.

The dress of the womenfolk was similar to that of most other women of the country in that day; but after William Sinclair left his family, their supply of imported trade goods, such as cloth and calico, was strictly cut. They reverted to a tunic-like buckskin garment worn by Cree women, cut straight and fairly tight, reaching a little below the knees, and worn with leggings that extended from the top of their moccasins to the knees. For added warmth, the Sinclair women retained the Scottish woollen shawls, which their father had bought them earlier, worn tightly wrapped about the shoulders; they had become shabby and drab, but were pathetic reminders and badge of the former importance at the post of the wife and daughters of a Chief Factor.

For young James' protection, Nahovway saw to it wisely that he was taught at an early age to handle a gun like a man. The Indian woman realized that it was necessary for even young lads to know the vagaries of the unreliable, long-barrelled, muzzle-loading trade guns for their own and others' safety. She gave young James a tangible warning by showing him the badly mutilated hands of her own kinsfolk, when they visited the post to trade; hands with thumbs and fingers blown away by exploding guns, either through unavoidable accident or careless handling of the fractious weapons.

Nahovway saw to it that young James was taken out at an early age by her people to live at their camps and to learn their skills in the trapping of mink, marten, fox, and beaver. James was taught how to prepare the pelts; to skin, stretch, press and bale the fur, in the customary 'pieces' of ninety pounds, which had been found the most convenient for handling at the portages.

James was taught to paddle the tricky birch-bark canoes on lakes and rivers; to race, portage, and even run lesser rapids near Oxford Lake. In winter he learnt to drive and run skilfully behind a sled or 'cariole', drawn by six or eight well-trained sleigh dogs, and could soon keep up well with older men at the usual rate of travel—thirty to forty miles a day. He was also instructed by the friendly Crees to make such useful equipment as birch-bark utensils; the bows and arrows still used by Indian boys; and the long, pointed snowshoes characteristic of the Swampy Crees. He learnt to travel easily on the snowshoes, when the crust of the snow was right, over long distances, with comparatively little show of fatigue.

There were not many of the ways of his mother's people into which James Sinclair was not initiated—even to a knowledge of their language—before he reached the age of twelve. It was then, after his father's death and the recommendation in his will that two of his younger sons visit the old country, that James and John were taken by their older brother William to York Factory and on by the Company ship to Scotland. As was the lot of other wives of Company officers in Rupert's Land, Nahovway parted with her sons so that they could go to school abroad—and often that was the last time mother and son saw each other. James, after graduating from the University of Edinburgh, returned to Red River in 1828. Such disciplines and pleasures as he experienced during his boyhood days at Oxford House would repay him well when he was called upon to use such knowledge almost continuously at a later date as trader and explorer. ◆

Old-time Company Tactics

BY ROSANNA SEABORN

THIS page is from my great-great-grandfather Robert Seaborn Miles's journal of the winter of 1818. He was a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company, and Mr. Colin Robertson, who was in charge of the Company's Athabasca district at Fort Wedderburn in the far northwest, had asked him to keep a diary of their winter there. The Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company were deadly rivals in the fur-trade, they had forts on opposite sides of Lake Athabasca, near the mouth of the Athabasca River, and they do not seem to have been above using various tactics of intimidation upon one another.

Apparently, Mr. Robertson expected trouble that winter, and he was right. Miles began his diary in Montreal, while the expedition to the North was getting ready to move off, and he immediately reported "clerks of the North West Company skulking about" and spying upon their brigade of canoes as it was preparing to start out from Lachine. However, there was nothing that the Nor'Westers could do to their enemies while they were still in civilized country.

It was after their arrival in far-off Athabasca that the real trouble started. It began with a few little unpleasant incidents such as the voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company being roughed up by those of the North West Company.

The next excitement was that the North West Company's interpreter told the Indians that the tobacco the Hudson's Bay Company was selling them was "intermixed with poison." This ingenious piece of counter-advertising was thwarted by "Mr. Campbell's Woman," —the Indian wife-according-to-the-custom-of-the-country of one of the Hudson's Bay officers. She told the interpreter off in no uncertain terms and explained to the Indians what a liar he was, much to the surprise, though also to the delight, of the Hudson's Bay people. It seems that these gentlemen were more accustomed to meekness and silence in their devoted Indian helpmates.

After this little incident the Indians avoided the North West Company's propaganda by putting their fingers in their ears whenever they were addressed by a member of that concern. "This," said Miles, "vexed them."

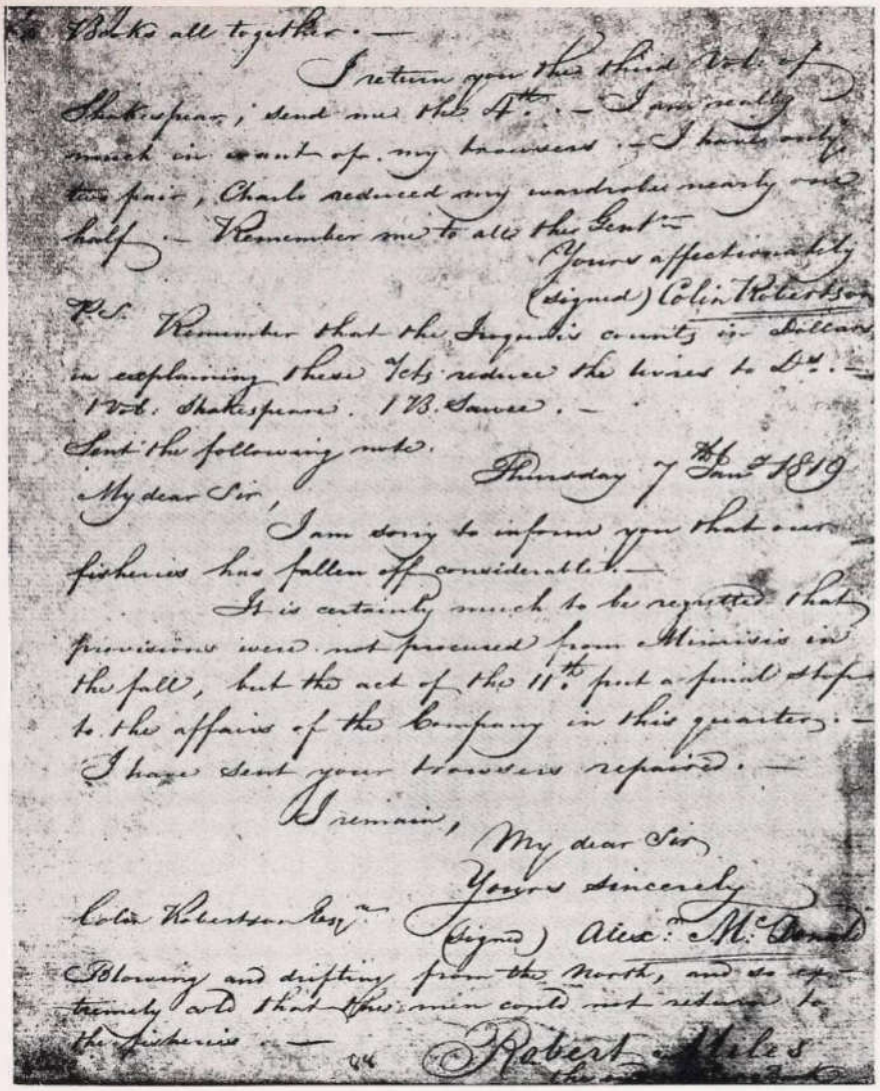
Then one day, when one of their number had been killed in an accident and the H B C men were conducting the funeral outside their fort, a party of Nor'Westers landed on their shore. Furious at this interruption, Mr. Robertson strode down to the waterside and was observed by his subordinates to be haranguing the Nor'-Westers with great violence. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, Mr. Robertson, who for once was unarmed, was seized and flung into a canoe. Almost before his own people realized what was happening, the Nor'Westers had pushed off, and he was being paddled swiftly across the lake. Pursuit was hopeless, the H B C group being quite unprepared, and Mr. Robertson was carried off to the North West Company's fort. There at Fort Chipewyan he was held a prisoner all winter—the Nor'Westers said, "in the best room in the house," and Mr. Robertson said "in a wretched little hole next door to the privy."

In fairness to the Nor'Westers it must be admitted that it later appeared that poor, harmless Mr. Robertson had been threatening to arouse the Indians against them and have them all massacred.

All winter Mr. Robertson sent messages from his prison to the junior members of his staff, attempting to direct their business activities. Naturally, these messages, which were delivered by the Nor'Westers, were intercepted and deciphered by them; and they also took every opportunity of spying on the Hudson's Bay activities whenever they came to their fort with a message. A Nor'-Wester, for example, would arrive at the H B C fort with a communication from Mr. Robertson, and see dog-teams standing in the courtyard ready to go out on an expedition. After having delivered his message, he would hide outside the fort and observe in what direction the party went, thus discovering the finest trading areas which the rivals had been attempting to keep secret.

In vain did the junior officers of the Hudson's Bay Company implore Mr. Robertson not to send them messages, not to send Nor'Westers to their fort, and to leave the direction of business to them since he was not in a position to control the Company's affairs. Mr. Robertson wrote asking for brandy, butter, and a copy of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*. He returned the empty keg and butter-crock with messages in them. The Nor'-Westers read the messages, and forwarded them to the H B C with contemptuous annotations scribbled on them in pencil. Mr. Robertson returned the copy of *King Henry IV* with certain passages marked. He intended

Miss Seaborn, well known for theatrical productions in Montreal and a collector of early Canadiana, is a direct descendant of Chief Factors Robert Miles and James Clouston.



Vols all together. —

I return you this third Vol. of Shakespeare, send me the 4th. — I am really much in want of my trowsers. — I have only two pair, Charlie reduced my wardrobe nearly one half. — Remember me to all the Gent.n

Yours affectionately
(signed) Colin Robertson

P.S. Remember that the Inquisitive country is distant in explaining these Vols. reduce the leaves to D.o. —
1 Vol. Shakespeare. 1 D.o Sawce. —

Sent the following note.

Thursday 7 Jan.y 1819

My dear Sir,

I am sorry to inform you that our fisheries has fallen off considerable. —

It is certainly much to be regretted that provisions were not procured from Minnisis in the fall, but the act of the 11.th put a final stop to the affairs of the Company in this quarter. —

I hope sent your trowsers repaired. —

I remain,
My dear Sir
Yours sincerely
(signed) Alex.r M.c Donell

Colin Robertson Esq.r

Blowing and drifting from the North, and so extremely cold that the men could not return to the fisheries. —

84 Robert Miles

Part of the Fort Wedderburn journal kept by Robert Miles shows in the entries for January 1819 copies of correspondence with the imprisoned Colin Robertson, who was concerned about his volumes of Shakespeare and his need for 'trowsers'.

these to convey a very secret message, and requested Miles particularly to read the marked passages. However, in this instance, his meaning was so obscure that no one understood it at all!

Mr. Robertson then wrote saying that he was growing ill from confinement, and asking an Indian woman who lived at the H B C fort to send him some of her medicinal roots. He also asked for "magnesia, laxative pills, and a tinnet of English preserved meat." The Nor'Westers reported that "He is doing well, and eat like a damned horse."

Mr. Robertson wrote: "My drawers are nearly worn out. Have I any more at your place?" He asked them to send him a woollen cap to keep the draught from his head—but "whatever kind of a cap you make me, for God's sake don't make me a 'Jean Baptiste'." That Mr. Robertson, sitting alone in prison, should have been afraid of looking like a French-Canadian, seems to be carrying racial prejudice to extremes.

So it went on all winter. The Hudson's Bay people threatened the Nor'Westers with the Law when they should return to Montreal; the Nor'Westers said: "We'll make our own damned laws." The Nor'Westers beat up the Indians for trading with the Hudson's Bay Company; and the Company predicted the destruction of the Nor'-Westers by, among other things, the Wrath of God.

The diary ends in January, 1819, but in June they all left for Montreal, and family tradition says that eventually the diary was used as evidence in some sort of trial.

This incident, together with certain other activities of the dashing Nor'Westers, combined, upon investigation, to make a somewhat startling picture. Three years previously, it appeared, the Earl of Selkirk's colony at Red River had been utterly destroyed at their instigation.

The authorities consequently decided that such complete independence in a trading company was somewhat undesirable, and the North West Company was finally absorbed into the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter, who had never (so far as it could be proved) actually murdered anybody, took over all trading rights in the West. So, at least, say some chroniclers; but those who favour the North West Company have a different tale to tell. They say that the Hudson's Bay Company deliberately set out to ruin them, and succeeded. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

PETER SKENE OGDEN'S SNAKE COUNTRY JOURNAL, 1826-27

Edited by K. G. Davies, assisted by A. M. Johnson, with an introduction by Dorothy O. Johansen

Hudson's Bay Record Society, London, 1961. lxxii, 255 pages. Maps. By membership in the Society.

Reviewed by John S. Galbraith

IN THE history of the fur trade there was no more glamorous figure than Peter Skene Ogden, and this mountain of a man, who could outbrawl, outswear, and outjest any of his subordinates, was an ideal selection to head the rowdy undisciplined band of trappers who composed the Hudson's Bay Company's Snake Country expeditions. In this frontier of the fur trade the stakes were high, for the opposition, present and potential, of American fur traders in the Snake Country was a threat not only to the Company's trade in the Columbia basin but to British claims in the entire Pacific Northwest. In 1950 the Record Society published Ogden's Snake Country Journals for 1824-26. A dramatic incident of the earlier journals was the encounter with the American party under Johnson Gardner; in the 1826-27 journal here printed with an introduction by Dorothy Johansen, no American traders appear but it is evident that a primary purpose of Ogden's journey is to discourage American entry into the Company's fur preserves by sweeping up the beaver.

The 1826-27 journal, though it contains no single occurrences to match the meeting with Gardner, offers fascinating insights into the character of the Indians south of the Columbia, of the trappers, and of Ogden's own mentality. As Professor Johansen points out in her introduction, the journal often reads more like a personal diary than an official report of a trader. Comments on incidents of the day lead Ogden by a kind of "free-association" to discourses not only on fur trade but on the nature of men engaged in it and of the Indian inhabitants of the areas he visits. Toward both his subordinates and the Indians, Ogden's sentiments vary widely. At times he appears compassionate, but he can seem ruthless. He describes the Indians as "vile wretches who are not deserving to be numbered among the living the sooner ded the better," but these same "wretches" he provides with meat. Ogden's Indians have no overtones of "noble savage." He was a cold-eyed observer, whose comments often have a remarkable degree of sophistication, suggestive of the approach of a modern anthropologist. Like an anthropologist he differentiates communities on the basis of cultural characteristics—some Indians make fishing nets from wormwood bark, others weave their fishing baskets from willow. Some make huts from wormwood and grass, others from earth; burial customs vary from one group to another. Too often his comments are tantalizingly brief, but there is sufficient detail in these journals to make them of value as a source on Indian customs.

Toward the trappers of his expedition, Ogden shows an ambivalence similar to that he displays toward Indians—he recognized them as a feckless lot, but has a deep compassion for the hardships which they endure. In four years, he says, the rigors of the trade make a young man look 60—"a convict in Botany Bay is a Gent living at his ease compared to them."

Much of the country through which Ogden passed on this expedition was almost destitute of beaver, in part as a result of the activity of previous trapping parties, and game was so scarce that his men were forced to kill and eat horses to survive. In the country of the Shastas, on the other hand, they found plentiful game and beaver, but were shocked to find that the Indians had singed the fur off the pelts.

Another noteworthy aspect of Ogden's journal and of the Umpqua journals of Alexander R. McLeod which are printed with it is the erroneous conceptions of geography which they evince. The mistakes of map-makers contributed much to the history of the northwest; Ogden and McLeod were guided by erroneous assumptions in the expeditions here recorded. They sought the Great River which it was believed would provide a means of communication between the Salt Lake country and the coast. In her able introduction, Professor Johansen is particularly effective in describing the importance of these geographical misconceptions as a factor in the activities of the fur traders.

Among the topics on which Ogden comments at length is the problem of beaver trapping. He describes the remarkable strength of the animals and the defective character of the traps with which his expedition was supplied. American traps, he states, were far superior to those generally in use by the Company. The consequences of the loss of traps by breaking or by theft were not only loss to the Company but disaster to the trapper whose income was dependent upon them, and Ogden is blunt in his comments on the need for better equipment.

In addition to Ogden's Snake Country Journal and those of McLeod's Umpqua expeditions, the volume contains correspondence between Ogden and McLoughlin and between McLoughlin and McLeod as well as an account of supplies for the Snake expedition, outfit 1826. Also included are a landform map of Oregon and maps of the routes of Ogden in 1826 and 1826-27. The delineation of Ogden's route was primarily the work of the late Robert W. Sawyer, who contributed to the earlier Snake Country volume, and of Professor Johansen, supplemented by advice from others.

With the publication of the present volume is inaugurated a new editorship of the Record Society. Professor E. E. Rich, who had been the general editor of the series, retired in 1959. He has been succeeded by K. G. Davies, Fellow of New College, Oxford, who like his predecessor enjoys the invaluable assistance in editing of Miss A. M. Johnson, Archiviet of the Company. The new team has made an auspicious start, for this volume is edited with the meticulousness which has characterized the series throughout and Professor Johansen's introduction is worthy of its subject. She writes from a broad knowledge of the history of the Pacific Northwest and her analysis is characterized by great acuity and maturity of understanding.

Dr. Galbraith is professor of British Empire history at the University of California and author of "The Hudson's Bay Company as an Imperial Factor 1821-69."

CANOES AND KAYAKS
of Western America
by Bill Durham

Copper Canoe Press, Seattle. 103 pages, illus. $5.00.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

THIS discussion of the watercraft of northwestern America is of great interest and considerable value to any anthropologist who wishes to have the available information on this subject under one cover. The author has evidently read widely and has made a close study of his sources and his work shows the marks of the true amateur who loves his hobby.

It is not easy to read; perhaps one should not hope that it would be, for few books of reference make easy reading. This does not mean that it is not interesting; Mr. Durham has included a wealth of canoe lore of the greatest interest, much of it unfamiliar, and he has made it abundantly clear that the Indians of the British Columbia coast, in particular, need take second place to no man when it comes to canoe building. Their dug-outs are considered by many people who know the subject to be the best ever constructed.

The professional student will wish that the author had followed more closely the conventional ways of presenting a subject. For instance, though the author gives credit to the many scientists whose work he has drawn upon, there is no bibliography; this makes it difficult to refer to his original sources, not only for verification, but to understand the context in which statements have been made. Nor is there an index, and surely that would not have been difficult to include.

Again there is no glossary of technical terms used in boat building. For people familiar with this craft, there may be no difficulty in understanding what is meant by: "The deck had strong camber, frequently with hog-back sheer" but frankly it leaves me as ignorant as I first was.

Almost every type of craft discussed is illustrated by a line drawing, most of them titled but unfortunately not all so that at times one is left in doubt as to which is which. Moreover some of the drawings are so simplified, or oversimplified, as to omit important details of construction.

Some of the author's statements seem to be based on insufficient evidence, especially in the discussion of pre-historic canoe types, with neither first-hand descriptions nor specimens available for study. The statement on page 29 that "the system of [canoe] construction used in the east was primitive and inefficient" may be true, for we remember the frequent entries in the diaries of the canoe brigades concerning stops for patching and gumming, but inefficient or not they did carry millions of dollars worth of goods and furs for a total of many millions of miles.

A number of points of lesser importance annoy the reader. The confusion between jadeite and nephrite, between whalebone and baleen, and the statement on page 80 that the author "knows of no whaling canoe—the most famed and admirable class—now preserved under shelter" ignores the magnificent specimen in the National Museum of Canada, an institution which he does not appear to have visited. Nor could I find mention in the 'Note on Sources' of F. W. Waugh's paper on Canadian canoes in *The Canadian Field-Naturalist* (May 1919).

In spite of its defects, this is a genuine and useful contribution to a somewhat neglected subject.

Former anthropologist with the National Museum of Canada and later Director of Western Canadiana at the Glenbow Foundation, Dr. Leechman is the author of "Native Tribes of Canada."

THE ASSINIBOINES
From the Accounts of the Old Ones Told to First Boy (James Larpenteur Long)
Edited by Michael Stephen Kennedy

University of Oklahoma Press, Norman; Burns and MacEachern Ltd., Toronto. 1961. 209 pages. Illus. $6.50.

Reviewed by Chris Vickers

THIS book was first published as *Land of Nakoda* in 1942. This edition, however, was a small one and few copies ever got beyond the State of Montana where it was printed. Now the University of Oklahoma Press has made it one of its Civilization of the American Indian Series, with an introduction by Michael Stephen Kennedy, director of the Historical Society of Montana.

The reprint is welcome. It helps to fill a gap in our knowledge of the Indians. The Assiniboines were an important Plains tribe for centuries before the final settlement of the West, yet they have been neglected by the anthropologists and historians. Apart from Robert H. Lowie's study of the Alberta Assiniboines, published more than fifty years ago, this is the only full-length book that adds to our knowledge of the tribe.

Mr. Long has Assiniboine blood in his veins and he has been a life-long student of the Indian and his problems. This prompted him during the 1930s to interview some of the older residents of two Assiniboine reservations in Montana. These interviews reveal the background of Assiniboine culture during the late historic period. Tribal laws and customs, legends, food, games and weapons are all discussed by Mr. Long's informants. The reader is introduced to medicine men and spirits, to ceremonies and societies, and to the dark days when the tribe was confined to the Montana reservations. All of this will have value for the ethnologist who makes a full-scale study of the Assiniboines.

Mr. Kennedy's introduction is a good sketch of what is known about the Assiniboines if you confine study to recorded history. What he missed are recent archaeological studies that add depth to the Assiniboine story. He should consult archaeological reports published by the University of Minnesota, the National Museum of Canada and the Manitoba Historical Society if he wants to complete the known story of the Assiniboines.

History has not been kind to the Assiniboines. Once the lords of a vast prairie empire, they are now confined to two reservations in Montana, two of the bleakest stretches of landscape under the sun. In Canada they have fared little better, for here they have lost their name and are known as "Stoneys." You will have a better understanding of the Assiniboines when you read this book, with its interviews and introduction, with its old prints and maps, and pen and ink sketches by William Standing, a fullblood Assiniboine.

History and archaeology are the particular interests of Mr. Vickers of the Winnipeg "Free Press" who within this field has made a special study of the Assiniboines.

DECOYS AT SHELBURNE MUSEUM
by David S. Webster and William Kehoe

The Shelburne Museum Inc., Shelburne, Vermont, 1961. 129 pages. Illus. $3.00.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

AS ITS title suggests, the primary aim of this book is to describe the methods and makers involved in the production of the wildfowl decoys actually housed in the Shelburne Museum, Vermont. Fortunately the authors, in accomplishing their aim, have been obliged to present an ably-written and informative introductory chapter—"A Short History of Decoys."

In this we learn of the Indians' early development of light, portable decoys fashioned of reeds and coloured with primitive pigments. Later, the dependence of the first white settlers on the products of the chase brought many refinements in the art of luring waterfowl from the skies. Inevitably the rise of market hunting resulted in the establishment of the professional maker of decoys. It is the work of these men, their ideas of colour and functional design, with which this book deals so admirably.

Some 200 waterfowl decoys, representing about 25 species, are illustrated photographically. Text accompanying each illustration clearly describes the various types and their peculiarities of manufacture. Of particular interest to present-day wildfowlers are the highly specialized decoys from "the bad old days" of market hunting. Here we find artfully carved decoys for swans, curlews, yellowlegs, plover, dowitchers and many other species which are no longer legal game. Another type to intrigue the modern sportsman is the "confidence" decoy, represented by gulls, terns, even a Great Blue Heron. These, in earlier times added realism to the standard rig of ducks or geese.

I suspect that a few of the decoys illustrated may be misidentified—or that they should have remained unidentified. One Golden-eye looks remarkably like an Old Squaw, a Redhead bears most un-Redhead-like markings, an example described as a "Labrador Gull" and a "confidence decoy" is quite obviously neither. It is, however, a very presentable duck.

The use of alternative names for many species would have been helpful. The western sportsman is often unfamiliar with the terms used by his confrères on the Atlantic seaboard.

In all, a thoroughly fascinating little book for any sportsman, and a real eye-opener for the man who fancies himself as a carver of "deeks."

Mr. Sutton is Director of the Manitoba Museum.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF INDIANS

Editor, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

American Heritage Publishing Co., New York, 424 pages. Illus. $15.00.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

THIS is, beyond doubt, one of the most fascinating of the many popular books on the American Indian. For the intelligent layman, it is thoroughly good reading and the illustrations are magnificent. It is exactly the kind of book one has learned to expect from the editors of American Heritage. It is surprisingly up-to-date, even work done as recently as 1959 being included, and the long list of sources and authorities consulted testifies to the thoroughness of the preliminary research.

For the professional anthropologist, it is of less value. Its wide coverage, of necessity, implies no great depth and the treatment of some areas, such as South America and the Northwest Territories of Canada, is, to say the least, superficial. In so vast a field, no man can hope to be expert in every area, but a careful reading of sections with which I am familiar reveals a number of points that give pause. The old myth of awful cold in the Arctic re-appears, in spite of the fact that it gets a great deal colder in the North American prairies. It is stated more than once that the Eskimos "are not usually classified by anthropologists as Indians," a position no longer held by most workers in this field.

There is a misapprehension of the mechanics of migration, and once again we are asked to believe that migrants from Siberia headed south because it was warmer down there. Naturally they could have had no knowledge of this fact and by the time their remote descendants did reach Mexico, the far North from which they had come was no more than a legend if, indeed, it was remembered at all.

A stupid and unnecessary slap at the Company appears on page 281, where it is suggested that the British Columbia Coast Indians' habit of charging interest of 100 per cent on the 'gifts' distributed at potlaches was "possibly picked up from Hudson's Bay Company practices."

The employment of a number of writers on the project has led to a certain amount of duplication of material as will be seen, for instance, on comparing pages 274 and 286. Again, some statements should have been checked more carefully, such as saying that Coronation Gulf is north of Hudson Bay.

The style, especially in certain sections, is a little unusual in that the writer not only presents facts, but stops to think about their implications, a most refreshing and praiseworthy practice. There is no bibliography and, indeed, none could be expected for it would run to dozens of pages. There is an index, and a good one. As far as can be determined from internal evidence, no professional anthropologist was engaged in the preparation of the manuscript.

Nevertheless, this is an admirable book and would make a wonderful present for the boy or man who "likes to read about Indians." The illustrations, I repeat, are well chosen, well reproduced, and an unending delight.

THE BIG GAME ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA

by Jack O'Connor and George C. Goodwin

E. P. Dutton, New York; Clarke, Irwin, Toronto. 1961. 264 pages, illus. $10.00.

Reviewed by E. F. Bossenmaier

ANYONE who feels a tingle whenever the conversation gets around to high calibre rifles and deer, caribou, mountain sheep, or bear realizes that the name Jack O'Connor is synonymous with big game hunting. Now we have a superb book by this man on *The Big Game Animals of North America*. To give this book depth and to make it one of the most appealing ever produced on this subject, there are thorough sections on natural history, excellent 8″ by 11″ full page colour paintings of each species in its natural habitat, and an abundance of rich and varied black and white illustrations. George G. Goodwin, Associate Curator of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History, prepared the natural history material and Douglas Allen and others did the pictures.

"Big game" to many persons suggests only those species that they have hunted or that occur close by. In considering all of North America the authors have in-

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cluded accounts on the better known forms such as deer, sheep, goat, antelope, elk, moose, caribou, and bear, as well as species not always thought of as big game, such as American buffalo, javelina or peccary, mountain lion, jaguar, wolf, muskox, and walrus. Considerable detail is provided in both the sporting and the natural history sections to differentiate, when desirable, among species, for example the several caribou, and among subspecies, for example those of the Dall sheep. It is gratifying to note that both popular and scientific names are used. For Canadians it is also worthy of mention that most of the animals treated find suitable habitat in this country, and for some of them, such as the Rocky Mountain goat, the moose, the caribou, the polar bear, the wolf, the muskox, and the walrus, Canada possesses the major North American range.

Especially readable are Mr. O'Connor's descriptions of each species. Here is a man with a true love for the animals, their behaviour, their surroundings, and their sporting attributes. He writes: "Going after a trophy Dall takes the hunter into some of the most beautiful country on the globe—a land of snowy peaks, and frigid crystal brooks, of lush mountain meadows, of caribou barrens red from frost, and gray slide rock—a big and unspoiled land where the northern lights sweep across the sky and where chill winds blow on the ridges." About the polar bear he says: "Nanook, the great white ice bear of the polar seas, is one of the strangest, most interesting, and romantic creatures on the face of the earth." When it comes to the whitetail deer, he remarks, "So crafty is the whitetail, and so much joy to hunt, that no one whose hunting is confined to the whitetail deer should feel very sorry for himself. He's got the best." Mr. O'Connor knows caribou, too, when he writes, "If he were as smart as he is beautiful, the caribou would be one of the world's great trophies, but he is, alas, a comparatively dumb and rattle-brained creature."

Some particular mention must be made of the other sections and the illustrations. In the natural history portions are found the answers to the many questions that inquisitive sportsmen and others have regarding origin of the animal, range, habits, enemies, mating, birth and early development, sounds, food, and habitat. The paintings by Mr. Allen and the black and white illustrations are especially realistic and appealing. By themselves they would be worth the price of the book.

It is difficult for co-authors to write overlapping sections without introducing some duplication. This matter will annoy the careful reader of the book and could have been considerably reduced by more thorough editing. I was disturbed too by repetition in the natural history sections. In my opinion it would have been preferable to have inserted a separate chapter on big game natural history to cover the many similarities among certain species. Then only the distinguishing natural history characteristics would have had to be treated in the sections on each animal. This approach would have eliminated the need for describing several times such items as antler development, foot structure and digestive tract.

Mr. O'Connor the sportsman, Mr. Goodwin the professional naturalist, and Mr. Allen the wildlife artist have produced a most commendable book. Everyone with an interest in North American big game animals, whether it be from a sporting or a non-sporting viewpoint, should examine and read this volume.

Mr. Bossenmaier is senior game biologist for the Province of Manitoba.

THE WILDERNESS CABIN

by Calvin Rutstrum

Macmillans, N.Y.; Brett-Macmillan, Galt, Ontario, 1961. 169 pages, illus. $4.95.

PRACTICAL advice is what may be expected from Calvin Rutstrum when it comes to any form of wilderness living, and that is what he provides here in compact form for the person who wants to build a cabin. Not that a cabin must necessarily be in the wilderness; as he suggests, it may be in the back yard and right there bring much of the fun of camp life to the suburbanite tired of conventional ways.

There is no pretence that with a hammer, a nailfile and some hairpins a cabin can be run up, but there is the encouraging conviction that most people with sufficient enthusiasm can do it themselves if they take the time. The availability of pre-cut materials and packaged factory-made parts is of tremendous assistance to the inexperienced builder, and such help is not to be scorned. Mr. Rutstrum may be over-optimistic, but there is enough here to give the prospective builder a good idea of what is involved. Before the amateur sets about construction he would almost certainly require much more information.

Guidance is given for many kinds of structures, from the auxiliary shelter such as a log 'tilt' or a tent cabin to substantial log, frame, and plywood buildings. The log cabin may have great appeal but it presents special problems not to be overlooked, and is better suited, in Mr. Rutstrum's opinion, to an owner with the temperament of an artist than of a structural perfectionist. It is not, we believe, a construction to be tackled by the inexperienced.

When it comes to the actual building the advantage of a helper is stressed for as the author says "there is a great deal of work for an 'end man', one who simply holds the other end of something—a board, a tape, or a rafter." And usually the end man—woman, or child—can be pressed into other service.

There are sections on tools, on the versatility of the chain saw, on heating units, on making concrete, on privies, and useful hints for comfortable cabin living.

Quite apart from the technical advice presented, several pertinent questions are posed which merit careful consideration before cabin living is undertaken; for instance, the actual degree of solitude that is desired, or will in fact be acceptable; the amount of living to be done in the cabin, as a place for retirement, a commuter's home, a weekend or occasional hideout; and the choice of site, which will involve cost, social outlook, "your family if you have one, and certainly your job, unless you don't have one."

Everyone who contemplates building a cabin would do well to dip into this book.—*M.B.*

A PORTFOLIO OF 6 BIRD PAINTINGS

by J. Fenwick Lansdowne

M. F. Fehely Artists Ltd., 1961, Box 400, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto. $9.00.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

THE crisp, clean brushwork of Mr. J. Fenwick Lansdowne almost—but not quite—leads one to overlook his obvious love for, and knowledge of, the birds he paints so charmingly.

The six prints of his work, in portfolio newly published by M. F. Fehely Artists Ltd., Toronto, are, so far as one may judge without having seen the originals, faithfully reproduced and attractively presented. Glaucous-winged gull, pied-billed grebe, Kentucky warbler, black-billed cuckoo, redwinged blackbird and pintail are the birds featured.

Mr. Lansdowne does not in these pictures employ landscapes as a setting for his birds. Accessories of branch, foliage or flower that complete the decorative design are chosen partly to suggest the

characteristic milieu and partly to provide the bird with a harmonious complement in the colour scheme.

The decorative element is strong in Lansdowne's approach to bird painting, though he apparently does not, as Audubon sometimes deliberately chose to do, adapt the attitudes of his birds to the requirements of formal design.

Connoisseurs of bird painting, whose familiarity ranges from (to name a few at random) Allan Brooks of Canada, to L. A. Fuertes, F. L. Jaques, Roger Peterson of the U.S.A., Thorburn, Lodge, Scott of England, Wolf of Germany, the Von Wrights of Finland and that master of birds in landscape Liljefors of Sweden, will dispute about the exact place that Fenwick Lansdowne's art may come to occupy in this galaxy.

Probably he is himself little concerned: and a wide public will undoubtedly echo this sentiment and enjoy his paintings for what they are: glowing, sympathetic renderings of birds seen through the eyes of a young man with an alert and lively sense of beauty.

Artist and naturalist who has worked in all parts of Canada, Mr. Tillenius is widely known for his animal paintings and drawings.

SOURDOUGH JACK'S COOKERY

by Jack Mabee

The Country Kitchen, 3148 Fillmore St., San Francisco 15, California. $1.50.

JUDGING from the pages devoted to eating and cookery in most magazines, there is keen contemporary interest in dishes that are exotic or unusual. This small book reverts to the traditional, which today has become the unusual. Sourdough was that leaven so valued by the prospectors in the Yukon and Alaska that the name attached itself to them. "Sourdough Jack" will tell you everything about it except how to make the starter. (Readers of *The Beaver* will have learnt this from Bradford Angier.) However, he will sell you the starter and he has devised a method of dehydrating it for your convenience. Once your starter is going you are set for years to come.

Besides sourdough recipes for breads, pancakes, and cakes, there is a section on other western foods such as bean hole beans, chowder, and even Cornish pasties that came in with the Cornish miners. Sometimes a little clairvoyance is called for—like the road directions that tell one to turn off three miles before coming to the crossroads—when one is advised to add ingredients to the bean pot "15 minutes before they are soft enough."

There is more than cooking in this booklet for it is larded with bits of history and spiced with anecdotes of the north. One still wonders, though, why the gold-rush prospectors of the west so treasured their sourdough, when hardtack and bannock sufficed the frontiersmen of the east.—*MB*

ECOLOGY OF THE ASPEN PARKLAND OF WESTERN CANADA

by Ralph D. Bird

Canada Department of Agriculture Publication 1066. Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1961, 155 pages, illus. $3.00.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

WE WHO live in a good land need to know more than we do of the way in which we mold and alter our environment: how our presence affects and distorts this earth we hold in trust.

Dr. R. D. Bird—entomologist, naturalist, photographer—who has studied these questions intensively now writes of them in *Ecology of the Aspen Parkland of Western Canada*. Space permits only briefest coverage, but in short it is "an account of the original ecological conditions and the changes that have taken place in the aspen parkland area of Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan."

Dr. Bird's own long and varied studies of the complex relationships of insects, birds, mammals, plant life, trees, soil, water, and air, and how the coming of man disturbed and modified and often completely altered these relationships, are supported and amplified with observations from other naturalists, We see the Indians burning the grass in fall that next spring's new and tender growth might attract the buffalo. We see these yearly fires not only preventing forest from encroaching on the plain but causing plains steadily to expand. The grasshopper of the virgin prairie gives way to a species adapted to ploughed land and the farmer's crops.

From the time-yellowed journal of Alexander Henry the Younger, 1801: "Rode . . . up Park River [south of Pembina, Man.] . . . Small wood and brush entirely destroyed [by buffalo] . . . not even grass permitted to grow . . . bare ground more trampled than the gate of a farm yard." Fascinating glimpses, these, through the vanished eyes of observers privileged as we shall never be again.

Though our need for research, for more exact knowledge of how to manage our wildlife resources is so pressing, no one man can hope to master all the myriad interwoven strands of ecological relationships. It is safe to say, though, that a most important beginning can be made by reading this book.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE

by C. C. Vyvyan

Copp Clark, Toronto, Peter Owen Limited, London, 1961. 172 pages, illus. $3.75.

Reviewed by Florence Whyard

IN 1926 Lady Vyvyan and her companion, Gwen Dorrien Smith, who had accompanied her on an earlier walking tour in the Balkans, became fired with the idea of penetrating to the most isolated part of the northern wilderness, and with the practical assistance of Leonard Cunliffe, a Director of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Mr. A. Brabant, Managing Director of the Alberta and Arctic Transportation Company Limited, they outfitted themselves and set off in the middle of May.

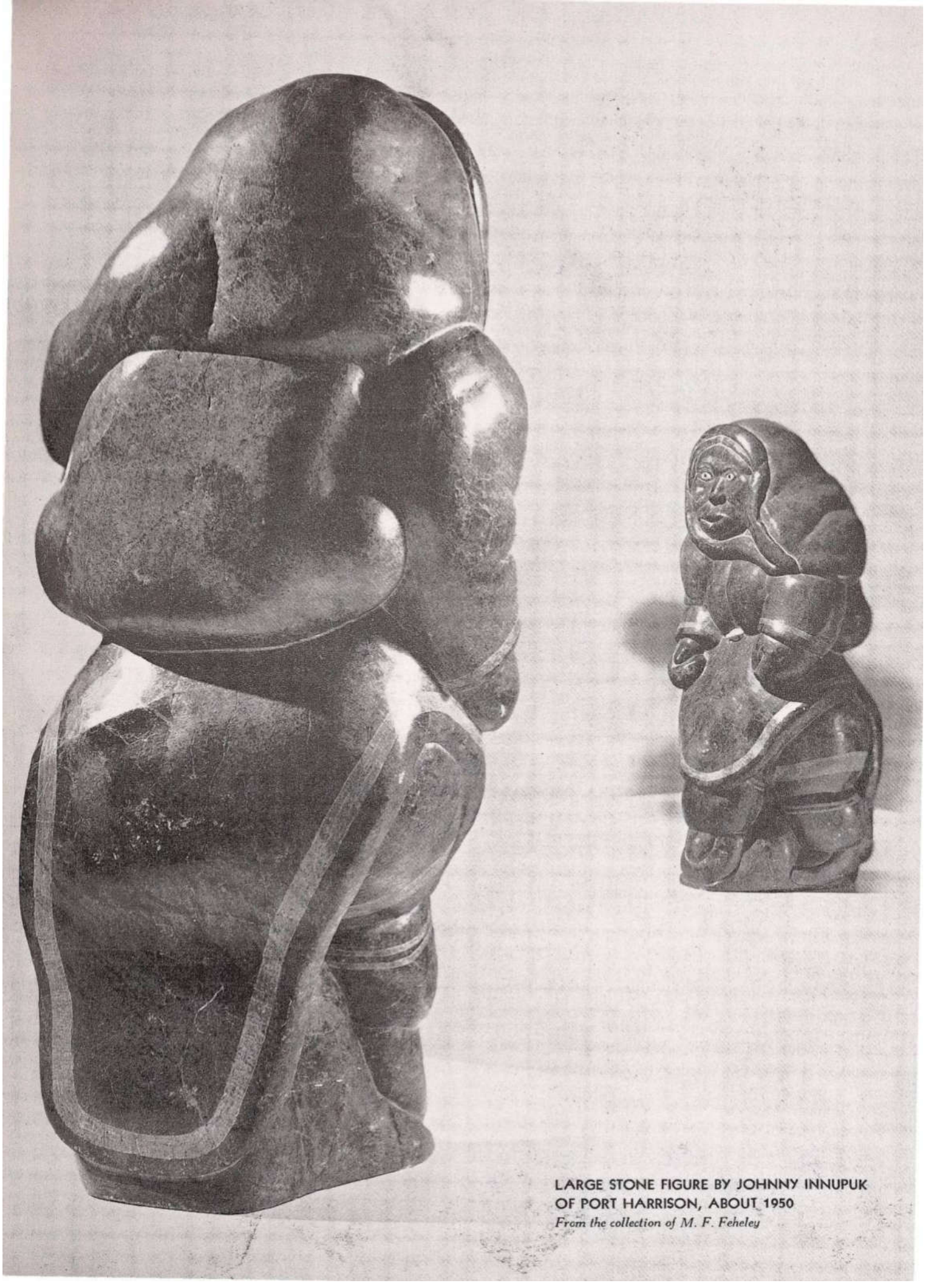
This detailed account, written twenty-five years later, of their journey from England to Fort Yukon, Alaska, via Edmonton, Mackenzie River boats to Aklavik, then canoe up the Rat River and down to Old Crow is not exciting reading. In her own words "the adventure did prove to be exacting."

Still, perhaps it is unfair to expect too much, for the author herself states that her aim is "to recapture, with the help of letters and diaries, the middle state, the actuality of life when we made that journey from Cornwall to Alaska . . ." and, in all honesty, they did achieve a "first" when they undertook the really tough trip over muskeg and "niggerheads" through swamp and dense bush along the shores of the Rat River. They were the first, and probably the last, white women to tackle that 300 miles by canoe, accompanied by the two Indian guides for only half that distance, striking out alone the rest of the way.

And they did achieve what they set out to do—alone in the wilderness, relying solely on their own efforts, they found "absolute freedom in a world of absolute beauty."

Considering that the two ladies were in their mid-forties at the time of their journey, well-born and carefully-reared English women, interested mainly in wild flowers and sketching, the book is exactly what might be expected. If you are interested in making a canoe trip the hard way, from Aklavik to Fort Yukon, you will find everything you need to know in *Arctic Adventure*.

Mrs. Whyard is a free-lance writer who lives in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.



LARGE STONE FIGURE BY JOHNNY INNUPUK
OF PORT HARRISON, ABOUT 1950
From the collection of M. F. Feheley

Mohair THROWS and STOLES

DRESS STEWART

FABRIC:
Woven in Scotland
from 100% Pure Mohair.

WOVEN IN SCOTLAND

MOHAIR THROWS

Never before has any one fabric gained such prominence for so many varied uses as Mohair; the long, lustrous coat of the Angora Goat. Soft and luxurious, with a natural lustre that far surpasses that of other fibres, Mohair can be dyed to brilliant colourfast hues—from sparkling tartans to subtle checks and plain shades. Throws fashioned from Mohair are very light in weight and require little care, yet add a spark of life to any room. In use as a blanket or coverlet, they're extremely warm. Manufactured in Scotland, world renowned for supremacy in the manufacture of these throws. May be hand washed or dry cleaned.